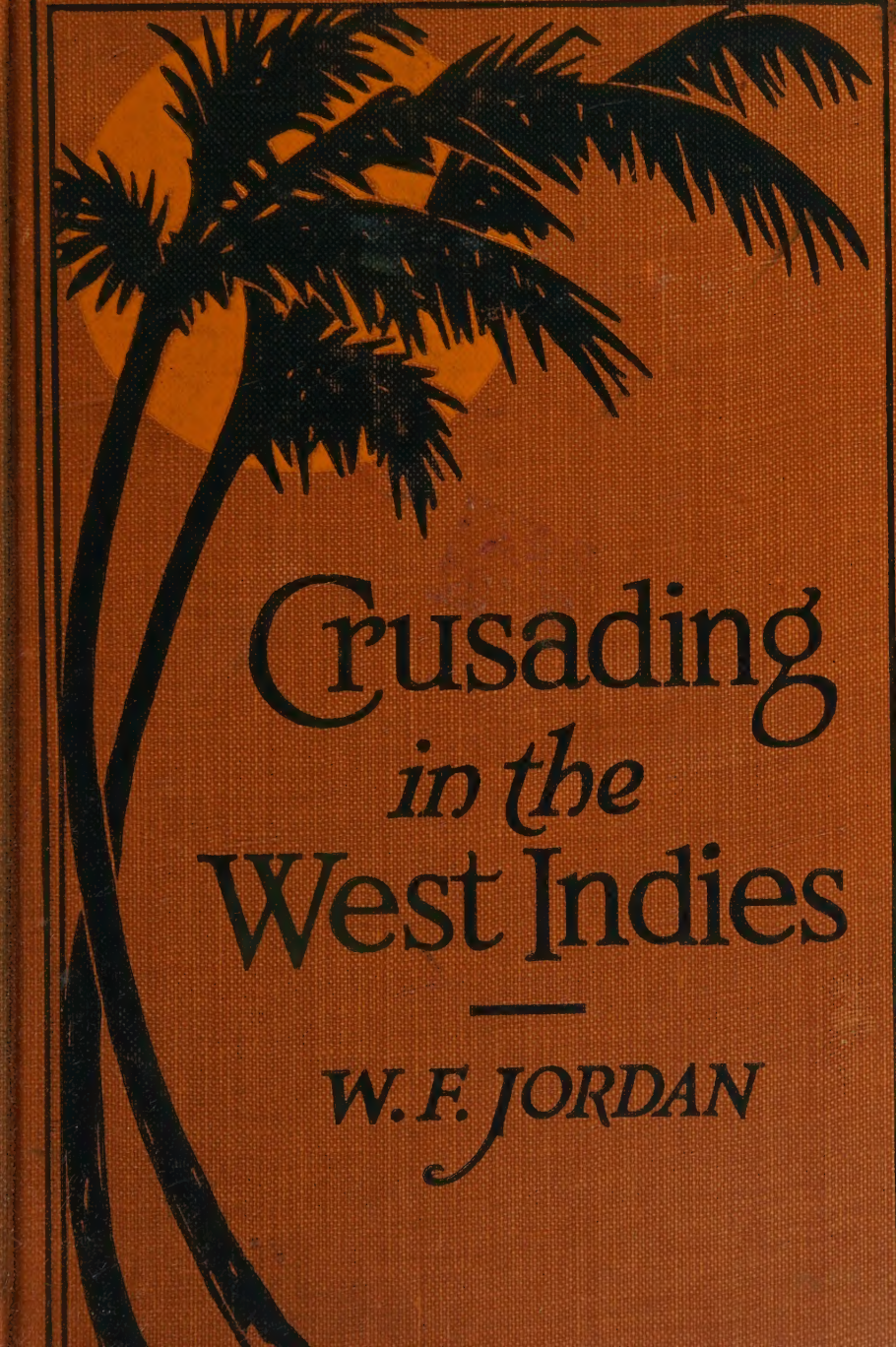

Crusading in the West Indies

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Crusading in The West Indies

THE LATE DR. MILTON GREENE AND THE WRITER ON ROAD TO ESPERANZA. DR. GREENE OCCUPIES REAR SEAT. THE AUTHOR HAS REMOVED HIS HAT.

Crusading in The West Indies

By

W. F. JORDAN

Secretary Upper Andes Agency of the American Bible Society

ILLUSTRATED

With Introduction by
W. I. HAVEN, D. D.

NEW YORK CHICAGO
Fleming H. Revell Company
LONDON AND EDINBURGH

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FLEMING H. REVELL COMPANY

Printed in the United States of America

New York: 158 Fifth Avenue
Chicago: 17 North Wabash Ave.
London: 21 Paternoster Square
Edinburgh: 75 Princes Street

Introduction

WILLIAM I. HAVEN, D. D., LL.D.
General Secretary American Bible Society.

THE glory of the American Bible Society as that of all Mission Boards is due not only to the noble impulses arising in the hearts of earnest believers who consecrate their time and gifts in the homeland, but even more to those loyal spirits who are moved to give themselves to daily and yearly service in the harvest fields both at home and abroad. Apostolic honours belong not to those who govern but to those who go if the content of the term "Apostle" is to have its significant application. Whoever is "in journeyings often, in perils of waters . . . in perils in the city, in perils in the wilderness . . . in weariness and painfulness," is the true apostle if his labour is in the name of the Master.

I am greatly privileged in being allowed to introduce to the general reader this volume recording surely apostolic labours. Rev. W. F. Jordan, a Canadian, but for some years a naturalized citizen of the United States, at one time briefly in India in missionary service, was led to give himself to the primary missionary task of circulating the Scriptures among the people of the near-by West Indian Islands, and step by step he has been led to undertake superintendence of this work of Bible distribution throughout all of what is commonly

called Latin America with the exception of Chile, the Argentine and Brazil. For fourteen years he has travelled incessantly throughout these Republics, the next-door neighbours of the American Republic. He knows their life. He knows their spirit. He knows their needs as few men. He has discovered as one of the great bishops of India discovered in a home visit, that the work among these peoples is very similar to that in the great mission fields of Southern Asia.

At this hour when the Christian Church in America is feeling itself debtor to these Southern Republics, this volume of Mr. Jordan's is particularly timely. It graphically portrays the beautiful tropical scenery, the degradation of the poor, the luxury and comfort of the rich, the courtesy and kindliness of all the people, the hopefulness of service with a world of detail not surpassed by the famous author of "Vagabonding Down the Andes." Mrs. Jordan, a woman of training, devoted to her husband's work, has shared with him not only many of these journeys and deprivations which are harder for the mother and children often than for the traveller, but has made them possible by caring for the home and bearing the loneliness of the months of her husband's absence. While her pen has not been busy in this volume her observations and her reflections are a part of the story.

We cordially commend this most interesting story of "Crusading in the West Indies."

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Foreword

THE wanderings of the writer for the last twelve years have been in countries so near to our own land and so intimately connected with it in the destinies of the future that they are beginning to occupy, and deservedly so, an increased place in the interest of our statesmen, as well as business men, and philanthropists. We wish they might occupy a larger place in the thinking of the public generally, especially of that public represented by the membership of our churches and whose benevolent impulses find expression in the activities of the various Mission Boards.

Latin America has much that we need; nay, much that, under the exigencies of the present condition of civilization, we feel we must have. Let us, for a moment, ask ourselves what we would do without the sugar of Cuba and Porto Rico, the rubber of Mexico and South America, the fiber of Yucatan, the bananas from the countries whose shores are washed by the Caribbean, the coffee that we receive from nearly all of Latin America, the cocoa from which our delicious chocolate is made; to say nothing of the cocoanuts, ivory nuts, hides, petroleum, gold, silver, and platinum that come to our shores from these countries; as well as the multitude of other products that enter into our

manufactures and commerce; and we shall realize that we are not independent of them, nor is it desirable that we should be even if it were possible.

On the other hand we possess many things that Latin America must have, mostly manufactured articles. Not only are they buying from us such elementary necessities as shoes, cotton cloth, and canned goods; but railroad equipment, mining, manufacturing, and farm machinery, automobiles, typewriters, photographic supplies, computing scales, adding machines, and all other modern office equipment. All of these articles of commerce they will purchase hereafter in constantly increasing quantities. Germany worked hard for this trade and by a system of favoring the exporter at the expense of the home buyer, by the subsidizing of steamship lines, etc., made itself a large factor in Latin American trade. With the practical elimination of German competition during the war all of these countries looked towards cultivating more intimate trade relations with the country that some of their writers have termed the "Colossus of the North," implying thereby the power, at least, if not the will to oppress and crush. Some are beginning to understand that we are not so disposed. All thinking people see that more intimate trade relations are inevitable and most recognize their desirability.

How important that we should have a sympathetic understanding of the countries with whom

we are not only bound to have an increased exchange of commercial products; but that are going to call for machinists, miners, agriculturalists, and lumbermen to help develop their vast material resources; for bankers and insurance men, physicians, trained nurses, sanitary engineers, as well as for religious, educational and social workers.

Hitherto, I have spoken only of the material side of the need and desirability of the inter-relationship. From the intellectual and spiritual standpoint a great deal might be said regarding the lessons which each might learn from the other. While we are inclined to be abrupt, even to the border of rudeness, in our dealings with our fellows, the Spanish American is always polite and considerate in all the relationships of social and business life. He does not sit down in a room where there are others, or at a hotel table, without recognizing by bow and word those who may be there before him. When he leaves, it is: "With your permission," and a word of good-will for those who remain; though all may be perfect strangers.

"I never saw anything like it," said an Englishman to me a short time ago, who was visiting Colombia for the first time, "the gentlemanliness of the peon (common working class). If I were visiting any large city in Spain and went about among them as I have here I would be followed by a mob of curious children, staring, laughing at

me and making unpleasant remarks. Here I am taken as a matter of course. No remarks are made at my awkwardness, I am treated with every consideration by the very poorest and no intimation given that a reward or tip is expected for any service rendered." He did not cease to express his surprise though we were several days together. Of course, I was not surprised. I had been experiencing just this kind of considerate treatment for the last twelve years.

It is a pleasure to testify here to the kind treatment accorded me everywhere during these years of travel among our neighbors. I have yet to experience the first unkind act, or hear the first unkind word directed to me personally by a Latin American; and I travelled widely in Mexico during the critical period from 1914 to 1918. I am aware that such has not been the experience of all Americans in Mexico. There have been sad exceptions in that country owing to the passions aroused by the war spirit; but even during the time of greatest stress inconsiderate treatment of the foreigner by the common people was the exception and not the rule.

There is a seeking after the beautiful and artistic among their best writers, both in description, and form of expression, that we would do well to imitate. On the other hand the writings of some authors, of the so-called realistic school, are so sensuous that one almost blushes to confess having

looked inside the covers of the books written by them. With a few exceptions the sex attraction as represented in literature is considered from the physical rather than from the intellectual and spiritual side.

There is a great need in all of these countries for a healthy, inspiring, character building literature. Will they read it? Ask Mrs. Barber of Medellin, Colombia. She has a library of the best books she could secure in Spanish; having selected them from countries as widely separated as Spain and the Philippines, New York and the Argentine, which she lends to a class of girls. "There is nothing my girls will not read and give a good account of, in history, biography, philosophy, or religion," she remarked to me. I was struck with the fact that one large book consisting of the life of John Wesley showed marks of having been read and reread, and there is not a Methodist Church in Colombia.

Naturally in the educational and spiritual fields there is much that we can give to that part of Latin America described here. These countries were much longer under the rule of the mother country than we. The rule of Spain was much more oppressive and tyrannizing than that of England. Not only have they, since their emancipation, been torn by internal strife; but they have had a proportionately much larger indigenous population to absorb than we; and the percentage of

literacy is still much less than with us. These are some of the reasons why the wheels of progress have turned faster in our part of the world than in Latin America. There are many other reasons, among which the difference of climate should not be overlooked.

The principal cause of the difference in progress is, however, deeper and more fundamental. It is religious. The founders of the North American Republic, both Protestant and Catholic, were of strong religious convictions and came to the forbidding shores of the northern continent seeking, not gold or landed wealth, but religious liberty, freedom from persecution, and an opportunity to establish homes where every man could worship God according to his own ideas, without fear of molestation. With us, from the first, the Bible has been an open book, studied and revered as the standard of morals and religion. The founders of the Spanish Dominion in America were religious in their way. Religious liberty was, however, unknown to them. Their religious conquests were those of the sword, and the Inquisition was brought into play to suppress heresy, and, by force, to compel all to confess the same faith. The Bible has not been a household book with them. The few copies that found their way into Spanish America were bulky, many volumed works, filled with annotations and sold at a price that put them beyond the reach of all but the wealthy.

To the heirs of the early settlers of the North American Continent the promise of our Saviour has been literally fulfilled in regard to material possessions: "Seek ye first the Kingdom of God and His righteousness and all these things shall be added unto you." The nation has become rich beyond the wildest dreams of our ancestors. In our prosperity let us not forget the God who gave it, nor the book which has been the source of inspiration and strength to all our greatest men. Also remembering that "Where there is no vision the people perish," shall we not make it easy for our neighbors to secure the Book that has meant so much to us?

The experiences recorded in this book are some of the reminiscences of the time spent as a representative of the American Bible Society; whose special mission is the translation, publication and distribution of the Bible among all people, of whatever language or nationality. The years spent in the work have been happy ones, and the service has been a privilege. I have learned to love and appreciate the peoples to the south of us. I am sure this will be the experience of all who approach them in the right spirit.

W. F. J.

Bible House,
Cristobal,
Canal Zone.

I

CUBA

THE writer had followed the suggestions made in the concluding chapter of this book regarding the study of Spanish. Mrs. Jordan had just completed a course at the Union Missionary Training Institute in Brooklyn, N. Y., where he had been teaching. We were ready for work in the foreign field, and expected to go to India. During the last year I had taken up the reading of Spanish in order to avoid losing the time spent on Latin and to double my field of possible usefulness and pleasure.

How the way to India was temporarily closed for us belongs to another story. This begins with the direction of my steps to the Bible House, Astor Place, N. Y., one day in late October or early November of 1908. The American Christian Convention would not be meeting for two years to decide the matter of a mission to India. Meanwhile, I thought possibly the American Bible Society might use me in the Island of Haiti as a distributor of Bibles, because of my knowledge of French, and my former experience in selling religious books during vacations.

I first met the late Dr. Dwight, who was doubt-

ful if the Society would care to take a man who wished to give but two years to the work. He, however, introduced me to Dr. John Fox, corresponding secretary, who after asking a few questions, invited me to meet the Foreign Agencies' Committee that afternoon. Unknown to me they were meeting to consider the resignation of the representative in the West Indies, the Rev. Pedro Reoseco, who wished to be relieved of his duties at once.

When before the Committee, one of the members asked me in Spanish if I could speak the language, I replied very haltingly, in the same language, that I could read and write it, but that I had had no practice in speaking it. I was then asked if I would be willing to go to Cuba for six months and answered in the affirmative. The following week the Board approved of my appointment and the first steamer found us on the way to Havana to take charge of the work of the American Bible Society in the West Indies for a period of six months. Thus began a relationship that has been continued to the present and has taken me through Cuba, Haiti, Santo Domingo, St. Thomas, Guadeloupe, Jamaica, Mexico, Guatemala, Salvador, Honduras, Nicaragua, Costa Rica, Panama, Colombia, Ecuador, Peru, Chili, and Bolivia, besides to many cities of our own land in the interests of Bible distribution among our Spanish and French speaking neighbors.

The trip to Cuba, though short, can at times be very unpleasant. Especially is it likely to be rough off Cape Hatteras. We had a good voyage and were not seasick. The first day out was cold and raw, the next was warmer, with the sea a little rough off the Cape. The only spice to the journey was when we struck this bit of rough sea.

Going to Cuba the boats keep rather close to Florida in order to avoid the north-bound Gulf current, hence we were in sight of a long stretch of the Florida coast during the last day out. On the way back to New York from Havana one does not see Florida; as, in order to take advantage of the current, the boats keep farther out to sea. The rate of the current of the Gulf Stream makes a difference of about one day in favor of the north-bound boats.

The morning of the fourth day we awoke in sight of Cuba, and by the time we had dressed and reached the deck, were quite close. We were considerably surprised to see only grass-covered hills, and were impressed by the absence of the profuse tropical vegetation that, in our minds, we had always associated with the West Indies. The grass-covered hills to the east of Havana look like grass-covered hills in any other part of the world. Just at this point of the coast of Cuba, trees are conspicuous by their absence.

A little later in the morning we came opposite Morro point and waited for the pilot. Here we

were in full view of the City of Havana, the capital of Cuba, the pearl of the Antilles, once a glittering jewel in the crown of Spain, the largest and wealthiest city of the West Indies. Evidences of its wealth were everywhere manifest.

In the white stone material of its buildings Havana reminds one of Genoa, also in some of its antiquated architecture. Here, however, the likeness ends. Instead of towering above the sea, Havana rises gently from the water's edge. From the deck of the ship as we pass the narrow entrance to Havana Bay, perhaps the best protected harbor in the world, we see the Malecon, or sea-wall driveway, and get a glimpse of the magnificent Prado, a combined walk and driveway, extending from the sea-wall to the Plaza-de-Colon in the business section of the city. The centre of this magnificent avenue is adorned with grass plots, flowering shrubs, fountains and rows of spreading shade trees. It runs between buildings proportionately rich, substantial and elegant. The setting is magnificent. Havana the dirty, the garbage-reeking Havana, Havana the pest-hole of the old revolutionary days, has become Havana the beautiful, Havana the all-season health resort of the Cuba of to-day.

At the time of our arrival there were no docks; or, at least, the large boats did not tie up to such docks as there were, but anchored in the middle of the Bay. Passengers went ashore in launches and

ENTRANCE TO HAVANA HARBOUR. DAILY BOAT LEAVING FOR KEY WEST, FLORIDA, CARRYING AUTHOR'S MOTHER HOME AFTER VISIT.

freight was taken off in lighters. Those who handled this traffic opposed, most strenuously, the building of any docks, and were for a long time powerful enough to succeed in their opposition. I was told by an importer that it cost more to get goods from the ship to the docks than the cost of the freight from Liverpool to Havana harbor.

We were fortunate in having Mr. Reoseco with us to guide our unfamiliar steps. At this time visitors to Cuba required no passports; and after a perfunctory medical examination we were allowed to land. The keys to our trunks were given to a trusted baggage man, who attended to the customs inspection and brought them to our room in the hotel later.

To reach our destination, we took a "coach," which is the name with which both Spanish and English speaking West Indians have dignified the vehicle technically known as a Victoria in other parts of the world. The fare is very moderate, ten cents for each person to any point in the business section of the city. People used to remark that cab fare was the only inexpensive thing in Havana. The drive was through the old part of the city; so we had an early introduction to the narrow streets of this antiquated portion of Havana. Many of the streets are so narrow that two vehicles can with difficulty pass, and the traffic must perforce be but one way. On these streets the sidewalks vary in width from two feet to six inches, where the curb

has literally crowded the sidewalk out; and on one of them, Empedrado, the street-cars run so close to the buildings that, if one is met while walking on the sidewalk, you are compelled to turn sidewise to allow it to pass. As this was a street down which many of the cars entering the city from the suburbs passed, one was frequently obliged to wait flattened against the wall for several cars to go by. These conditions, however, prevail only in the older part of the city; the new streets are modern.

We were struck with the wealth displayed in the stores that are crowded into some of these narrow streets; jewelry and plate, rich silks and other fancy textiles, the most expensive kinds of fine groceries, etc. In the glass cases of the stalls of the money changers were piles of Spanish and French gold and silver coins. Havana can display more wealth in small compass than any city that I know.

Havana is a gay city and so impresses one at first sight. To one coming from the cooler countries of the North, where life has to be taken more seriously, Cuba seems to be a care-free, pleasure-loving country where the one object of life is to get all the enjoyment out of it possible.

Life even in the large cities is very much in the open. This open-air life is secured also in the residences, by the many doors, and high windows extending to the floor. Both doors and windows are open, but protected by iron gratings. Some of

these gratings are composed of fanciful designs. The parlor, or living-room, of the homes is thus open to view from the street. This room is usually paved with a brightly colored mosaic of glazed tiling. The centre table is covered with ornamental bric-à-brac. There are also side tables against the walls with the same style of ornamentation and rocking-chairs in abundance.

Nowhere do I know of a people so given to rocking as are the Cubans. Rocking seems to be the principal occupation of the Cuban lady, interfered with only by lace-making and promenading in the Prado. The Cubans are very sociable and in the evenings one sees the ladies especially, with their visitors, arranged in a circle, facing each other around the centre table rocking and visiting until late at night. The élite of Havana seldom retire until after midnight; and on their return from the theatres will sit and laugh, gossip and joke, expending their nervous energies in rocking continually until wearied enough to retire.

In social life the Cuban courtship is a very formal affair, and is conducted between the gratings of the barred street windows. The young man begins by saluting the young lady as he passes the house. If his advances are favorably received he stops for a word. As the courtship progresses, they will stand for hours at the window, he on the sidewalk, and she within, always accompanied by some other lady member of the family. While en-

gaged thus the young people are said to be "Pelando el pavo" (picking the turkey). If an engagement results, he is invited into the sitting-room and may there join the rocking party around the centre table; but never are the enamoured couple left alone. Much to the relief of the young people and to the amusement of the passers-by, the chaperon does, however, frequently fall asleep. The privilege of being alone is reserved until after the wedding.

The beautiful promenades of the Prado are made use of to a certain extent during the week, especially by children, nurse girls, aged people and loiterers, who occupy the benches. But Sunday is the great day for promenading, not only in Cuba but pretty generally throughout Latin America. Everyone dresses in his or her best. In fact, many of the young ladies will not go to the promenade unless they have something new to display. Thus the avenue becomes a crowded thoroughfare of gaily dressed ladies and fastidiously groomed gentlemen who pass the long hours of the Sunday afternoon and evening sauntering up and down the beautiful walks, down to the sea-wall, around the band-stand and back again.

American and Spanish ideals of personal beauty differ. Cuban ladies pride themselves on their well-nourished appearance. A young woman has a great horror of being slender. A certain amount of portliness in the feminine figure is absolutely

necessary to comply with the Cuban idea of beauty. Their sedentary life is such as to favor the development of this figure, which is constantly sought after. One of the most common advertisements in newspapers of Cuba is one offering information to women as to how they may best develop the bust.

The business of Havana is largely in the hands of Spaniards. While, with our help, Cuba won her political independence from Spain, she has not, nor is she ever likely to win her economic independence from the Spanish merchants. Spanish business concerns do not employ Cubans in their service to any extent. The clerks of the firm are generally young Spaniards who come out to serve an apprenticeship with the idea of later becoming members of the firm. In many cases employees lodge in the establishment, and even when they lodge elsewhere all eat at a common table, generally on the premises. These employees eating together at the noon hour at a table supplied by some near-by restaurant furnish one of the novel sights of Havana. The menial service in these establishments is usually performed by the industrious Gallegos, from the province of Galicia in Spain.

Throughout the Island the Cuban is the office-holder. One would think that a government position was the sum and substance of what he had been fighting to secure. In fact, the principal troubles that the Island has had since its independence have been connected with this idea of

office-holding. The Negro uprisings in Santiago Province have been the result of a feeling on the part of the Negro that injustice was being done him. He had fought in the revolutionary ranks and thought that he was entitled to hold as many offices as those of fairer skin.

Graft and red tape seemed to be the principal characteristics of the Island officialdom. There were many employees on the government pay-roll of whom rumor had it that they never appeared at the office except on pay day. When Mr. Cole was in charge of Bible distribution in Cuba in 1914, I took down to him a Ford car for use in and around Havana. It took three weeks to get through the preliminaries necessary to securing a license for the automobile and a chauffeur's license for myself. The mayor very kindly gave me a special permit, however, to use the car immediately upon landing. I was not willing to offer any bribes nor pay anyone for putting the thing through more quickly for me, hence was obliged to return almost daily to the municipal offices, run the gamut of the various departments, and stand for hours before wickets in these offices for the period mentioned; though I knew of others, who, by greasing the wheels of the municipal machinery, had secured their license in much less time.

There is an air of munificence and wealth in the white stone and marble that enter so largely into the construction of the buildings of Havana that

is not to be seen in any other city in Northern Latin America. Cuba possesses a white building stone that is soft when quarried and hardens upon exposure. While in its soft state it is worked into the desired blocks and shapes with saws, axes, adzes, in fact, any tool with which soft wood can be worked. After hardening sufficiently the blocks are fitted into their places. Under certain conditions the stone is brittle and it is not unusual to see where ornamental projections have broken off and fallen. Pedestrians in the street below have occasionally been killed by these falling pieces.

One of the features of the Island, especially of Havana, are the numerous Spanish Clubs patronized by all classes of people. Some of these clubs are magnificently housed and provide practically all kinds of amusement. They also give banking facilities, insurance and medical service as well.

Wherever one goes, one cannot get away from the impression that in Cuba the chief object of life is present pleasure. Business seems to be conducted to secure money to spend on one's pleasures. Government positions are sought as a means of gratification of pleasure. The chief products of the Island are sugar and tobacco; and there is such a demand for labor in these industries that there is practically no unemployment; hence economic as well as climatic conditions seem to have contributed to make the Cubans a care-free, pleasure-loving, people.

II

CUBA (*Continued*)

CHRISTIANITY is founded upon the message and teachings of the Bible, and the circulation of the Book is of primary importance in connection with the work of world evangelization. For efficiency in this service of distribution the Bible Societies have divided the world into districts called Agencies, putting the work in each field under the direction of an Agency Secretary. The Agency Secretary is the representative in his field of the churches and individuals in the home land, whose instrument the Bible Society is, in helping to give the nations the Bible. He is notified beforehand each year as to how much money he can have for the work in his field. His problem is to use the available funds in placing the largest possible number of books in the hands of people who are likely to read them.

It has always been the policy of the American Bible Society to sell the books at some price, generally at or below the cost of production, rather than to give them away; reasoning that, if a person is willing to pay something to secure a book he is much more likely to read it than if he received it

as a gift. Sometimes the Secretary himself accompanies the native colporter or travelling salesman on long trips in territory unoccupied by any mission workers, selling books, mostly Gospels, to all who can be persuaded to buy. Momentous results often follow just this kind of Bible distribution. Many opportunities also present themselves for the preaching of the Gospel to groups as well as individuals.

Incidentally the Agency Secretary may preach or lecture as opportunity offers; but primarily he is a Bible distributor. He visits the conferences, presbyteries, and various church conventions, in lands where missions are established to consult with the missionaries and workers regarding plans directed towards securing a wider circulation and reading of the Book of Books. He is generally given a place on the program at such gatherings and expected to say something of interest regarding the work of the Bible Society. Realizing, as all evangelical workers do, how fundamental and necessary is the work of Bible distribution, they make him a welcome visitor at all times. A great deal of the Secretary's time must therefore be spent in travel, getting acquainted with conditions in his field, visiting conferences, and individual churches, colporters, and correspondents having stocks of books for sale.

The night of the day following our arrival in Havana I left with Mr. Reoseco for the City of

Santa Clara, where the annual interdenominational conference of Young Peoples' Societies, as well as the International Sunday School Association, was in session. Mr. Reoseco was on the program for an address and it seemed wise for me to attend in order to meet the various missionary workers as well as our colporter, Mr. Leon Peña, who was working in Santa Clara Province at the time.

From our rooms in Havana we took a coach to the depot. Before reaching the railroad station we were met by several boys who ran alongside vying with each other for the opportunity to carry our hand baggage. It was useless to tell them that we needed no help, that our baggage was light and we intended to carry it ourselves. They persisted in their course beside the vehicle.

On arriving at the station we were obliged to fall in line and wait our turn at the ticket window. Passenger trains were always crowded in those days, and there was a long line in waiting. There was very little system about the lining up. While the majority waited their turn there was always a crowd near the wicket seeking an opportunity to push in out of their regular turn, or to reach over the iron rail placed in front of the window to keep the crowd in single file; thus securing their tickets sooner than they otherwise could have done. The reason for this rush was easily understood when we were once on board the train. Those who were first through the gate were able to secure seats;

the others were not. When one is in for an all-night ride, the securing of a seat becomes an important matter. We found that in order to avoid the rush and get their tickets in good time so as to be among those near the gate when it was opened, people would pay a peon to push his way in thus irregularly and purchase tickets for them. Those standing in line, of course, resented this intrusion upon their rights and there was great confusion, making the group about the window a harvest centre for pickpockets. The Havana pickpocket and petty thief is looked upon as among the most clever of the species.

The same confusion prevailed at all official and semi-official offices in Havana at this time. Express was carried on the railroad but there was no system of collecting from shippers. Parcels were received at the office of the company only during certain hours of the day. Long before the hour for opening, parties would line up outside the express office door at the railway station in order to get their parcel weighed, receipted, and marked; then passing to another window pay the charges, noted on a slip of paper given the shipper by the clerk receiving the goods. Thus hours of time were lost. The post-office was no better managed. Hours were required to go through the formalities necessary to obtain a registered parcel. Inefficiency reigned supreme.

But to return to the present trip. Our tickets

purchased, we made our way through the crowded gate into the third-class car and were fortunate enough to secure a seat, though many were standing before the train pulled out of the station. The railway system of Cuba carries two classes of passenger coaches, first and third; second-class being considered undemocratic. The missionaries almost always travelled third-class, thereby making a saving of one-half in the cost of transportation.

Should missionaries travel first or second-class? In other words, should they always avail themselves of the cheapest means of transportation, is a question that occasionally comes up for discussion and is one that can never be dogmatically answered, so much depends upon the circumstances under which travelling is done. When purchasing tickets for transportation for myself and family to Cuba, I found that the cost of a second-class passage was but half that of first-class and asked Dr. Dwight if we had not better secure a second-class ticket, thereby making a saving for the Society. His answer was a most decided " No, travelling in the Tropics is a severe strain with the best of accommodations. You will be entering upon your duties immediately and there is all the difference in the world between arriving feeling fresh, and feeling as though you had been drawn through a knot-hole; which would be the case if you went second-class." In this case his was doubtless wise counsel: for, had we taken a second-class passage

to Cuba, I doubt if I should have been in as good condition to stand the strain of the next few days. From Havana to Santa Clara is a ten hours' run and the first-class railway fare was about twelve dollars. Another five dollars for Pullman made seventeen in all. The third-class fare was about six dollars. True, the seats of the third-class carriages are made of wooden slats, the cars are crowded at times, and at night especially, unpleasantly filled with tobacco smoke. The saving in money, however, is eleven dollars. Moreover, as a rule only the wealthy travel first-class. The great majority of the pastors and church members could not afford to do so, and if the missionary travelled in that class he would widen the breach between himself and his Cuban coworkers. Hence the wisdom of travelling third-class by rail is easily seen.

First impressions should be written at once if they are to be faithfully recorded, as they are likely to fade with time. Some of the impressions of that first Cuban railway trip, however, have indelibly impressed themselves upon my mind. Looking out of the window, even in the night, I could see that we were passing through cane fields. The mango trees were also recognizable from their shape and symmetrical form, having been seen in India. The royal palm, however, was a new tree, and as I saw the white trunks of these beautiful trees standing out against the semi-darkness of the

night, I supposed they had been whitewashed to prevent the ravages of some insect pest, or disease. I learned my mistake only in the morning.

The royal palm is a distinctive feature of the landscape in many parts of Cuba. This palm is found in irregular groves marking the meanderings of the watercourses, making, with its white trunks and domes of bright green, veritable shrines of nature. It is planted in long avenues leading to the residences of the planters, as well as marking boundaries and roads. Also it is scattered everywhere throughout the fields. At a distance, in parts of the province of Matanzas, the tops of these trees form a line across the horizon which gives the appearance of a thick green roof of a magnificent temple supported by beautiful, white colonnades. It is the presence of this palm which lends to the Yamuri Valley, one of the famous views of Cuba, its peculiar beauty.

Not only does this stately and magnificent tree enhance the beauty of the landscape, but it is eminently useful as well. Its wood is used for building, the leaves are harvested for thatching, it bears quantities of a berry-like seed that is valuable for fattening hogs. The base of the long leaf which is thin and nearly encircles the tree is carefully detached and used for various purposes. It forms the walls of huts and the baling of leaf tobacco. A few feet of this same base cut off, slit at the ends and folded over, forms a trough which is

used as a wash-tub by the women, from one end to the other of the Island, as they do their laundry at the banks of the streams and rivers. There are also many other uses to which various parts of the tree are put. Each royal palm is a constant source of income to its owner.

Besides this and the cocoanut palm, there are some thirty other species of palm in the Island of Cuba alone. One in particular which I do not think is found elsewhere, and which, as far as I know, is confined exclusively to a small section of the province of Pinar del Rio. This is called locally the " pot-bellied " palm. This palm is not at all an imposing tree. On the contrary it is delicate and somewhat scrubby in appearance. But it is a distinguishing feature of the landscape where it is found. It derives its name from an immense barrel-like expansion of the trunk a few feet above the ground. Immediately above this expansion the trunk again assumes normal proportions. This protuberance probably prevents the slender trunk from breaking during the hurricanes that visit the Island.

The night spent on the rough hard bench of the third-class coach between Havana and Santa Clara was long and tedious. The seats formed of slats proved quite uncomfortable. I learned from experience that carrying a pillow or cushion helped considerably with one's comfort on these trips.

We arrived at our destination just at daybreak

and proceeded immediately to a hotel, run by a Spaniard, secured a room and tried to rest a little before breakfasting and beginning the work of the day. The hotel business, as well as the commerce of Cuba, is largely in the hands of Spaniards. In fact, there seems to be a pretty general determination on their part if not an actual organization to keep the Cubans out of business by withholding credit and patronage when the Cuban does attempt to enter any commercial line.

The Cuban breakfast consists of coffee and bread or rolls. This bread is placed on the table in baskets and each guest helps himself according to his need. Cuban bread is a long crusty production baked like a roll—more holes than substance. To apply the terminology of the small boy's description of the doughnut, the loaf is composed of a collection of holes with a crust around them. Many Americans are very fond of it at first because of its crustiness. It lacks in sweetness, however, and the American housewife in Cuba, after being pleased with it for a short time, generally prefers to make her own bread. When we are recognized as Americans, knowing our custom of eating butter with bread, a rancid, cheesy butter imported from Spain is also provided. Better let it alone.

Coffee, as prepared by the Cuban, we consider delicious. The berry is roasted much more than with us, the process being continued until it is

black instead of brown. To be at its best, coffee must be roasted and ground the day it is to be used. Then it loses none of its aroma. So much superior is coffee the day it is roasted that many families living in the tropics prepare it as used. The beverage is made by the dripping process, placing the ground coffee in canvas bags and pouring hot water through it, thereby securing a black extract. This extract is kept hot as is also the milk to be used with it. When you take your seat at the table the waiter stands at your elbow with a pot in each hand. From the one he pours into your cup or glass the boiling coffee until you indicate by raising the hand that the quantity is sufficient. Then from the other he fills the cup with hot milk. Whether, or not, the extra roasting destroys in part the deleterious effect of the caffeine, I do not know. It certainly improves the flavor. While a cup of coffee taken at night at home would have the effect of keeping me awake, in Cuba it has the opposite effect.

At the hotel table everything except bread and sugar is usually served on the European plan. The first course at meals, other than breakfast, consists of a thick soup or stew. This always contains many different ingredients: potatoes, yams, casava, green bananas, pieces of corn on the cob, Spanish peas, beans, etc. Besides the meat that forms the basis of the soup, bits of smoked sausage or ham are added. A few olives and onions are generally

present, together with anything else that may add to its flavor; and finally, and always, garlic—an onion-like vegetable which for odor and tainting the breath has the onion whipped to a frazzle. No one can say that a Cuban soup is not a tasty dish. It requires a cultivated taste, however, to pronounce it delicious.

After the soup, fish and three or four different kinds of meat are served with every meal; a stew, a roast, beefsteak, and a dish of codfish, dried beef, or tripe. The meat is always well cooked. I do not remember to have been offered a piece of tough meat in all of my travels in the Island. One soon tires, however, of so much meat in the diet. Lard is used so extensively in the cooking that its greasiness renders much of it distasteful.

Cubans are very fond of boiled rice served as a vegetable with meats and they serve it in a variety of dishes. One of the favorites is "paella," a mixture of rice with various meats with a sweet red pepper spread over the top. Rice and shrimp, rice and codfish, rice and young cuttlefish, also appear on the menu. The most popular of such mixtures is rice and chicken. In the latter the rice is boiled in chicken broth, after which the cooked meat of the chicken is cut up and mixed through it. Even foreigners like the latter dish; though the ever present garlic spoils it for many. The Cuban cook never prepares a meat dish of any kind without a liberal supply of garlic as an ingredient.

Mrs. Jordan used to tell me that I was not fit to live with for a week after returning from a trip. This was meant as a joke but was sensibly true because of the odor of garlic clinging to the breath.

Most of the pastry served for dessert is too rich for our appetites. One of the desserts, however, deserves special mention. The guava paste, called in England and Jamaica guava cheese, is eaten with real cheese and has but to be tasted in order to be liked. Small cups of black coffee follow each meal except breakfast, at which meal coffee and milk are served in the manner before described.

Now that we are at table, note the disposition of the napkin. It is placed under the plate and hangs over the edge of the table. Do not think your unsophisticated Cuban guest is ill bred, in case he wipes his lips and fingers on the edge of the table-cloth at the close of the meal. It is not because he is not accustomed to the use of the table-napkin; but because there, hanging over the edge of the table, is where he has been accustomed to find it. Not finding the napkin in its accustomed place he takes it for granted that he is supposed to use the table-cloth instead. Many international misunderstandings are as easy of explanation as this, when we take the trouble to inquire into them.

All hotels are not as cleanly as the one at which we stayed in Santa Clara. I find in one of my letters to Mrs. Jordan a description of a meal at a country inn, in this same province two years later.

There were ants in the sugar, flies crawling over the food, several mosquito larvæ in the glass of drinking water, a fine fat worm three-quarters of an inch long in my plate of rice and beans. I also found it impossible to keep the gnats out of my eyes while eating. Such are country experiences in some parts of Cuba. In this case, however, we were more than repaid for the lively time at luncheon in the cordial reception by the villagers and the large number of books we were able to dispose of in this out-of-the-way place.

How shall I describe the instrument of torture, for the heavy man, called in Cuba a bed. True, it consists of a frame and springs; but here its likeness to the American article ends. On the bare springs a thin quilt is spread, and on the quilt are placed two stiffly starched sheets, one intended for cover. These sheets have as much affinity for each other as a couple of cakes of glare ice on a frosty day. The round pillow stuffed with seeds of the cottonwood tree instead of feathers is soon discarded and you lie on your back painfully conscious of all of the irregularities of the springs beneath, as well as of the lumps in the cotton quilt. Soon the slippery starched sheet with which you are covered slides to the floor; and you are fortunate if, while you reach for it, the other does not slip from under you. At this season of the year, November, the nights are cool and these articles are needed. Frequently after tossing restlessly

trying to get the necessary sleep one wakens to find that both sheets and quilt have eluded captivity, and that he is lying on the bare springs. I have occasionally secured a night's rest by spreading the quilt on the smooth tiled floor. This cannot be done, however, in the mosquito season, as the bed frames are covered with netting to keep out the dangerous pests; and one must remain underneath this necessary protection. No matter how good the hotel accommodation may be otherwise, one is always glad to get back to the land of felt mattresses and unstarched sheets.

Santa Clara is the central point for conventions, and is comparatively high and cool. It is also one of the centres of the work of the Methodist, Baptist and Presbyterian missions, each having a church in the City. This particular conference was held in the property of the Methodists. Many papers were read and discussed on different phases of the work of the young people; as well as on Sunday-school work. Mr. Reoseco gave an address on the importance of Bible circulation in the work of evangelization.

I was much pleased to learn that, although it was my first experience in hearing Spanish spoken, I could follow the arguments of all the addresses. The mental effort was somewhat taxing, however. What confused me most was, perhaps, the sound of the "c" and "z." Books that I had studied told me that "c" before "e" and "i" was pro-

nounced like "th" and the same sound was given to "z" before "a" and "o." This is emphatically not the case, anywhere in Spanish America, except perhaps in Uruguay. "C" before a vowel is always pronounced like "s" and so is "z," and I counsel all beginners in Spanish, who intend to use this language anywhere in Latin America, not to attempt to give either of these letters the "th" sound. This sound is given to them only in parts of Spain. Outside of Spain the "s" sound is used exclusively. It is true, natives from those parts of Spain coming to America generally retain their peculiar lisp but it disappears with the second generation, if they continue to reside in America. Outside of Spain itself this pronunciation is considered affected.

At this convention in Santa Clara I met many who have ever since been fast friends and esteemed coworkers in all efforts for the extension of the Kingdom in Spanish America. There were representatives of the Northern and Southern Baptists, the Northern and Southern Presbyterians, Methodists, Friends, Congregationalists and Disciples. The papers were good and the discussions animated and interesting. Especially was the convention helpful to me in giving me an acquaintance with the workers and a knowledge of the field; which, without its help, I should have been long in acquiring.

It was an animated car-full of care-free Cubans

that left Santa Clara the night of our return to Havana. Most were smoking cigarettes, groups were engaged in conversation; some soldiers were singing a patriotic air in which several of the passengers joined. All at once the car left the rails and started swaying and bouncing along the ties. Never, before or since, have I seen such a sudden change from joy to terror. Instantly all of us were on our feet attempting to maintain ourselves in a standing position by holding on to the backs of the seats. The air was filled with the screams of women who involuntarily caught hold, each of the nearest man to her, and clung to him for protection. No one knew what had happened. It might mean the beginnings of another revolution, or an attack by bandits. The train finally came to a standstill, however, and we learned that the trouble was the result of a loose rail. The ground was level and the derailed car did not overturn. One man, a tramp, who had been trying to steal a ride underneath the first-class car at the rear, was killed. After considerable delay the passengers of the three derailed cars were told to crowd forward into those still on the track and the train proceeded. Mr. Hubbard, Mr. Baker and myself found standing room in the baggage-car and continued our journey to the next station. Here we were obliged to wait for several hours, arriving in Havana about midday instead of in the early morning as we had anticipated.

III

CUBA (*Continued*)

A CIRCULAR letter had been sent out notifying the Christian workers in Cuba of the retirement of Mr. Reoseco and of my appointment to the work. We received many letters of welcome from pastors all over the Island. There was one feature of these letters that struck me as being especially agreeable, showing the hospitality of the Cuban. Every one of them, at the close, gave the address of the writer with an invitation to make his home mine when I should visit the town. These spontaneous invitations seemed very thoughtful indeed and would, I thought, simplify matters considerably when I should be visiting those places for the first time. Therefore, on my first trip in the interests of the Society, I looked up the letter I had received from the native pastor of the place I was to visit, secured his address, and upon arrival asked the coachman to take me to the home of the pastor. I was somewhat surprised, when the coach stopped, to note the smallness of the house, and later to see the largeness of the pastor's family. I saw at once that it would be impossible for them to give me a room and escaped from the predicament I

was in by asking him to tell me of some good hotel. This was, for me, a practical lesson in Spanish etiquette.

On making a new acquaintance a Latin American almost always gives his own name and street number with the words, "There is where you have your home," even though he has not the slightest idea that the person addressed will ever visit him or enter his house. "Mere empty words" we were inclined to say! Hypocritical too! I do not know about it. Let us consider a moment. . . . If we were in need of shelter or food, the Cuban would share his one room with us; or, his last morsel. His first invitation may be taken to mean, "If you are in need, my house and board are at your disposal." Before accepting an invitation of the kind, therefore, one should always await a second invitation. If he really wishes you to accept, the Spanish American will press the matter. The first invitation to share his hospitality should therefore be declined with thanks. The generosity of the Spanish American is almost proverbial. A man who has a position and is drawing but a small salary will frequently support a large number of relatives, less fortunate than himself. Very poor people frequently take into their homes those who are not relatives, but who have no one else to provide for them. The custom of adopting homeless children is much more general with them than with us.

Cubans have the custom of offering to their friends in this formal way, any article which the friend admires, expecting the offer to be refused, as a matter of course. Foreigners, not familiar with the custom, are apt to be embarrassed, not knowing just what to say. On the other hand if the offer is accepted the Spanish American friend is embarrassed.

I wonder if these customs, which we are inclined to criticise, are not eminently Christian in their origin. When a Spanish gentlemen on being accosted by you says: "Your servant, sir," or, "I place myself at your service," does not this expression hark back through the centuries to the command of Him who said, "Let him who would be greatest among you be servant of all"; and is there not implied in the offering of the service, hospitality, or gift, the supposition that you will not accept it unless in need? Let us not criticise the custom too severely. There is perhaps more to it than appears on the surface.

A country house in Cuba is a very simple affair, except on the large sugar plantations, where houses are built for the laborer by the sugar companies near and around the mills and refineries. Here the sugar industry has developed into a highly specialized and complicated manufacturing concern and conditions approach those of a town or village. Cuban country or village houses are built by laying timbers on the ground, to which are attached up-

CUBAN VILLAGE HOUSE UNDER CONSTRUCTION.
FISHERMEN'S HOMES, ESPERANZA, CUBA.

rights running to the upper timbers that support the roof. The roof is either thatched or of red brick tile. The floor is formed by earth firmly packed between the foundation beams of the house, bringing the floor thus higher than the level of the surrounding ground. This keeps it dry during the rainy season. The sides are formed of rough boards or leaves of the palm tree, sometimes nailed and sometimes tied to the uprights by strong withes or vines.

The furnishings of the house are usually a rough table and a few chairs, the seats of which are made of untanned cowhide with the hair on, and a rude bed or hammock. The walls are hung with pictures of the Saints, the Virgin, and cheap, highly colored chromos from calendars, tobacco and liquor advertisements, etc., etc.

In a country where wages rule so high as they do in Cuba one is surprised to find the laboring people content to live so uncomfortably. Why does the laborer not buy a piece of land and put up a comfortable home? The answer is that the vice of gambling, cock-fighting and the purchase of lottery tickets take everything he has over and above a bare living.

The national sport of cock-fighting is a disgusting amusement. Trimmed for fighting, the cock is an ugly looking bird. The comb and feathers of his neck are cropped close so that his opponent may have nothing to seize. The last time I was in

Cuba, railroad regulations were such that by paying transportation for the rooster its owner could take it into the third-class carriage with him. I have travelled in Eastern Cuba from Camagüey to Santiago, when there were many of these birds in the third-class compartment. During the day they were the object of great solicitude on the part of their owners who took constant care of them. To cool the birds, the men would fill their own mouths, from time to time, with water and give them a shower bath, by blowing a spray all over them, especially under the wings. This spray not only reaches the bird; but near-by passengers receive a liberal share as well. When riding at night, the car smells like a chicken coop before morning and the early morning hours are rendered sleepless by the constant crowing of the pampered birds. I have never witnessed a cock-fight but I have seen the crowd yelling and gesticulating around the cock-pit, acting as though their lives depended on the victory of their particular bird. The owner of the victorious rooster carries him in triumph from the pit, washing him, dressing his wounds and caring for him, as though he were human, in order that he may quickly regain his strength and be ready for another fight.

One of the sources of the support of the Cuban government is the income from sale of lottery tickets. Government agents selling these tickets are to be seen everywhere, standing on the street

corners, in the cafés, at the doors of the hotels, and railway stations, in the waiting rooms, and boarding trains as they pass through stations, shouting out the numbers of the tickets they have for sale and appealing to all to buy. The tickets are divided into fractional parts which are sold as low as fifty cents. Many people put all their spare money into the lottery, hoping some day to draw the grand prize and become rich. Some laborers spend as much as three-fourths of their earnings for lottery tickets, living on the merest pittance in the hope of some day having enough money to satisfy all their earthly ambitions. As there are drawings every month, the temptation to try one's luck and the consequent drain upon the resources of the poor is constant. Besides the grand prize, several minor prizes are given out. The names of those drawing prizes are widely advertised in the newspapers in order to encourage the people to continue buying. In their eyes, however, nothing short of the grand prize is to be striven for. Generally the amount drawn is immediately squandered. Our cook once drew five dollars. She asked for a day off, immediately, and made a feast for her friends which cost between six and seven dollars. Thus the Cuban government exploits the weakness of its people.

The absolute necessities of existence are so easily obtained in Cuba that they in themselves do not present much incentive for economy. No food is

necessary to produce heat, and, during the greater part of the year, clothing is worn for decency only, and not for protection against the inclemency of the weather. In country places the children of both sexes frequently go entirely naked until six or seven years of age. In Havana during 1908–1910 it was not unusual to see a child stalking proudly down the street, clothed in nothing but smiles, sunshine, and a pair of shoes. There is a growing sentiment, however, against allowing children to run about on the streets in nature's garb.

I wish I could get Mrs. Jordan to describe housekeeping in the Tropics. As I cannot, I will just refer to it. At first she tried to do her own cooking, on an alcohol stove, as she could not endure working over the poison fumes of the charcoal, which is the fuel used exclusively in the open grates of the Cuban kitchen.

There are restaurants in Havana that send out ready-cooked meals to the offices and residences of patrons. They send the food in carriers divided into compartments, placed one upon another. A handle runs through the whole serving as a bail by which it is carried. As these restaurants also furnish the dishes, sending a boy to gather them up when the meal is over, the arrangement seemed to be an ideal one. We inquired the prices at one of the caterers of this class, and they seemed so reasonable that we decided to order one meal a day sent to the house.

The first meal sent from the restaurant was a change, so entirely different from what we had been having that it went finely. The following day it was eaten with not quite so much relish, and the memories of the third meal are with us yet. After uncovering the dishes and catching the odor we could not bring ourselves to the point where we had courage to tackle the food. I can assure my readers that codfish that, after being dried in the sun, has been packed in holds of vessels and shipped to the tropics, where it has lain exposed until sold, is a quite different article from that sold in the stores at home. Also the dried beef, used so largely in Cuba and imported from the Argentine, as the codfish is imported from Nova Scotia, has a very different flavor from dried beef that we know in the home land. The garlic used in the cooking, strong as it is, is not sufficient to kill the peculiar odor of the fish and beef. Twice we made the attempt to eat food prepared in these places, the next time trying another restaurant.

We found the Chinese laundrymen of Havana reliable and satisfactory. They handled a family wash very cheaply. The large colony of Orientals in Cuba seems to be prospering. There are many Chinese gardeners in the vicinity of the Capital raising vegetables for the city market. These industrious citizens of the Celestial Republic seem to be making a good living supplying but a small part of Havana's needs.

Rich as Cuba is agriculturally she produces but a small portion of her own foodstuffs. Hundreds of thousands of dozens of eggs are imported each year from the United States; as well as great quantities of potatoes, cabbage, and other vegetables. Rice is brought from India and China; dried beef, from the Argentine; coffee, from Porto Rico; peas and beans, from Mexico, and onions and garlic from the Canary Island, etc.; in spite of the fact that Cuba has land well adapted to raising all of these crops. As a natural result food is abnormally expensive, making living cost more than might be expected from the fertility of the soil throughout the Island.

In the West Indies as well as in all tropical countries, the housekeeper must be on constant guard against vermin. Eternal vigilance is the price of cleanliness. In Havana fleas are a common annoyance, especially on the street-cars, and in the business section of the city, where the floors are not washed daily. These are cleanly pests compared with certain other company one is likely to bring from his trips abroad.

Early in 1909, having occasion to go to Puerto Esperanza by the night boat, I retired early in hopes of getting a good night's rest. I was soon disturbed, however, by disagreeable sensations which I will not attempt to describe. Turning on the light at the head of the bed, I immediately discovered the causes of my discomfort scurrying

out of sight over the coverlet and sheets and up the side of the bunk. Not particularly pleased with my stateroom company I dressed and went on deck, reporting to one of the officials that life below was impossible. He offered me another stateroom which I declined with thanks, preferring to remain on deck rather than run the risk of another such attack.

On my return I purchased a deck passage, and took my place among the laborers in the fore part of the ship. The Captain saw me as he was going to dinner and sent for me to dine with him. (Deck passengers are not furnished food.) For the remainder of the trip I was his guest. I thought he was trying to atone for the indignity of putting me into the vermin-infested stateroom. I will reciprocate by withholding from print the name of the boat and that of the insect that so disturbed my tranquillity and cheated me out of the much needed night's sleep.

Thereafter when taking inter-island or coasting steamers, I carried a hammock, and, in case of necessity, I would use it to avoid undesirable company. I found that when travelling much in the country in Cuba and Haiti, it is wise to carry one's own hammock and mosquito netting; for in many cases the beds are preoccupied by a hungry inhabitant that seems to have great fondness for the stranger.

Any words or phrases at my command are ut-

terly inadequate to describe the beauty of the landscape of Cuba, the delightfulness of its climate of never-ending spring, or the attractiveness of its winsome, versatile, and lovable inhabitants: a veritable earthly paradise the gate to the full appreciation and enjoyment of which sin alone has closed. An air that is always balmy, at times refreshingly cool, and never oppressively hot, invites to long excursions among waving fields of luxuriant cane which an apparently inexhaustible soil produces in tons upon tons per acre and whose sweet crystals reaching the ends of the earth through the arteries of commerce have made Cuba rich and caused her to be called the "Sugar bowl of the world"; or to rambles over hillsides rendered exquisitely fragrant by blossoming coffee plantations. The majestically crowned white-trunked royal palms, the spreading mango-tree, the feathery bamboo and the gracefully swaying cocoanut; besides a multitudinous variety of many-flavored fruits, and of multi-hued tropical flowers, butterflies, and other insects; all enhance the alluring beauty of this enchanting land.

Looking seaward advancing from the lines where azure sky and deep-blue ocean meet, the crystalline waters reflect in many pleasing combinations of rainbow hues the colors of the sands beneath.

The sunsets, beautiful at all times, are magnificent during the rainy season. Nothing can excel in

grandeur the appearance of the approach of a thunder-storm from the northeast as the sun is setting. In the mountains of bright billowy clouds, piled high in the heavens, flashes of forked lightning are seen, very pale indeed in comparison with those of the dark recesses below where the vivid flashes portray the immensity of the forces at work.

At night, seated on the flat housetop which becomes, during the greater part of the year, a private observatory par excellence, because of its ease of access, one can witness the galaxy of constellations, in the broad expanse between the Southern Cross and the North Star—both of which are visible at this latitude—in their mighty march across the heavens.

In the contemplation of nature at every turn the senses are gratified, the emotions aroused, the imagination appealed to, and the sense of reverence deepened for the loving Father, who through His wonderful works thus manifests Himself to the children of men and demonstrates His love for them.

And the Cubans themselves, this care-free pleasure-loving people, are sociable, affable, hospitable, affectionate, and lovers of children to a degree unsurpassed by any other people. If the Cubans are won from the slavery of sin to the liberty that is in Christ Jesus it will be through the affections rather than by the cold logic of polemics or the clinching

of arguments, however conclusive these in themselves may be.

After all, what we are in Cuba for is to lead her sons and daughters to a personal knowledge of the loving Father who has showered His gifts upon and around them with such unstinted munificence.

Once visited, Cuba can never be forgotten nor looked upon with indifference. Again and again the heart, in memory and in imagination, returns to its shores. Personally we thank God for the privilege that was ours of representing an organized effort on the part of the churches of America, through the American Bible Society, to place in every Cuban home the message of love and salvation.

IV

CUBA (*Concluded*)

BIBLE circulation is, and has been from the first, an important factor in the progress of evangelical Christianity in Latin America. "Back to the Bible" is the motto of the colporter of the Bible Society, as he strikes out adventurously into unexplored territory, and many are the trophies brought in through his single-handed efforts. The Bible is often the opening wedge, preparing the way for other organized mission work; and the acceptance of its truths by some one individual frequently becomes the nucleus around which crystallizes the faith of the community, and the foundation upon which a future church is built. The following cases will illustrate this feature of the work of these pioneer Bible sellers.

Among my early activities in Cuba was a visit to one such hitherto unoccupied town, the Port of Esperanza, north of the capital of the Province of Pinar del Rio. Esperanza had no religious services whatever. The nearest Roman church was several miles away and the priest seldom visited the place. Our colporter living in the interior of the Province had worked across country to this

port. Such was his success in selling books here and in the surrounding country, and so enthusiastic was he in his description of his cordial reception by the people, that I was glad to avail myself of the first opportunity to visit him and see the work.

It was in Esperanza that I had the privilege of delivering a gospel message for the first time in Spanish to an individual where there was every evidence that the seed was falling into good ground. Sitting at the door of the house where the colporter was staying was a woman whose every appearance indicated that she was fast wasting away with tuberculosis. I felt a great desire to point her to Christ, and said something regarding the future life intended to draw her out.

"Do you believe that?" said she. "Yes," I replied, "don't you?" "No, I do not believe any such tomfoolery. I believe there is a God, yes; but life after death, no."

Taking out my Spanish pocket-Bible I asked her if I might read her a few passages from that little book. She was quite willing to have me do so. I read among other portions the Shepherd's Psalm, John 3: 16; and I finished with Revelation 21: 17: "And the Spirit and the Bride say come, and let him that heareth say come; and him that is athirst let him come; and whosoever will let him take the water of life freely." I shall never forget the growing expression of interest with which she regarded me as I continued reading. "Que

Bonito!" ("How beautiful!") she exclaimed as I finished. Finding that she could read, I made her a present of a New Testament. During the two or three days that I remained in the place we noticed that she spent most of her time reading with intense interest her newly acquired treasure.

There were so many people in Puerto Esperanza who desired the establishment of religious services that I decided to see what could be done. The Baptists and Methodists were nearest, having work in Pinar del Rio. I went to see them first. Neither of these denominations were able to take up the new work. I then went to see the late Rev. Milton Green, D. D., Superintendent of the Presbyterian Mission in Havana. Dr. Green had a young preacher whom he could spare from another field; and after visiting the town, decided to send him there at once.

I was present when the church of Puerto Esperanza was organized some time later. A widow and her five grown children presented themselves as candidates for membership. I asked the mother what it was that had attracted them to the faith. She informed me that her husband, who was bedridden for some time before his death, had a Bible that he used to read every day. He told his family that that book contained the true word of God. He told them there was nothing in it about purgatory, the worship of the Virgin, protection by the Saints, or many of the other doctrines taught by

Rome. This teaching of the father had prepared the way; so that when the mission worker came, teaching only the doctrines found in the Book, the family gladly received the Word.

I served my apprenticeship with the Bible Society in Cuba, travelling a great deal of the time with the colporters in their house-to-house visitation; thereby becoming familiar, not only with the use of the language, but with the customs of the people and the difficulties our workers had to contend with. The tact and ability of some of these men in meeting objections and selling the books to those who were, at first, indifferent or opposed was frequently astonishing to me.

Once, near Cardenas, a woman on being offered a Bible replied very decidedly and abruptly: "No, I am an Apostolic Roman Catholic. I will not look at the book." To which the colporter replied, "I am an Apostolic *Cuban* Catholic," placing the emphasis on the word Cuban. This attracted her attention. He went on to explain the meaning of the word Catholic, and to show that Rome had always been the enemy of Cuban liberty. He completely won her attention and respect. Whether the sale was made or not, I do not remember; but he had succeeded in making a friend.

At another time I took a trip with Colporter Talavera, from Santiago to Santa Clara. We were then allowed to sell Bibles on the railway trains. Sr. Talavera was busy all day long. He

is a quiet unobtrusive man, and I was surprised at his success. In one case especially, a Spaniard treated him very abruptly; saying that he did not believe in religion, and that he wanted nothing to do with the Bible. After Sr. Talavera had gone through the car offering the book to others, I again found him sitting beside this same man engaged in an animated conversation about something that was of mutual interest. Talavera finally sold the man a Bible, and they parted the best of friends.

Another colporter of an entirely different type was Don Ramon Pumpido, a Spaniard, an ex-officer of the Spanish army of occupation in Cuba. He had fought, not only the Cubans, but the American army at Santiago. Pumpido was converted in Cienfuegos and joined the Baptist Church there. He was energetic and aggressive, enthusiastic and insistent, and used to sell a great many books. I often wondered that people did not get offended at his persistence. I suppose it was because they appreciated his earnestness; for he always left them in the best of humor.

Well does the writer remember setting Pumpido at work in Cienfuegos. The month was July and Cienfuegos was hot. I had been out in the morning with Sr. Talavera, had come in for lunch and was taking the usual midday "siesta," in the home of the Rev. Mr. Sewell, whose guest I was. A visitor was announced. Wondering who, in Cuba, would make a call in the middle of the day, I went

into the living-room, and whom should I find but Sr. Pumpido, who had started work that morning, and to whom I had given books enough, as I thought, to last a beginner a week. He was covered with dust; perspiration was streaming down his face; his collar was a rag about his neck; and his shirt wet as though it had just come out of the wash-tub. His features, however, were radiant. He had sold all his books and had returned for more. Most cheerfully I supplied his needs.

We had a few words of prayer together, thanking our Father for His blessing; and as he was leaving I asked where he was going, supposing him to be on his way home for a rest. Oh, he replied, to such and such a street, mentioning the point where he had left off working. "Why, man!" I said, "you must rest in the middle of the day and start out again when it becomes cooler. You can never stand it to work like this through the heat of the day."

Straightening up and facing me, Sr. Pumpido replied, "Sir, I am a Spanish soldier. I spent twenty years in the Spanish army. I am accustomed to the sun and rain: they don't hurt me."

I had thought that first day Señor Pumpido's enthusiasm would soon wane. I was mistaken. A corded bundle of nerves and energy he spent several years carrying a regular tornado of arguments in favor of Bible reading from one end of Cuba to the other.

Four years later, I was again in Cuba, spending a few days in its hottest city, Santiago, waiting for the French boat to take me to Haiti. Again, in the middle of the day, Pumpido called. Again, after a pleasant and profitable visit, I asked, as he was leaving, where he was going. "Oh," he said, "I am going to write some letters and wait a while before starting out for the afternoon's work. It is time lost to try to sell in the middle of the day." His enthusiasm and success were no less. He had learned, however, that conservation of energy meant increased efficiency.

The colporters were all better salesmen than I. Some of my suggestions, however, were helpful to them. I found them offering the Bible first and doing their very best to sell the whole Bible. If they failed in this, they would then offer a New Testament; and, in case of failure would try to sell a single Gospel or other separate book, not placing much importance on the sale of the smaller books. Their sales were therefore comparatively small; because, after having refused the larger book, for any reason whatever, it was easier for a person to refuse again. Also, if a desire had been created to purchase the whole Bible, the party would not be satisfied with a part only, preferring to wait till he could afford to purchase the complete book. I proposed that they take the opposite course, offering the Gospels first. This had a surprising effect on their sales. It was easy to create a desire to pur-

chase the smaller book. After selling a Gospel, saying it was a part of the whole Bible, made the sale of the larger book easier. The colporter would take back the book already sold in exchange if requested to do so. Employing this method of presentation the sales of the men increased from two hundred copies a month to one thousand and even more. In this way they succeeded in placing the Gospel in the hands of many persons who by the former method could not have been persuaded to purchase at all.

About this time Mr. David Cole of Gerard, Kansas, then just out of school, began his services with the Society. Mr. Cole had remarkable success in Camaguey where, in a house-to-house canvass, he sold more than two thousand books. In his struggles with the language Mr. Cole had to contend with a slightly defective hearing. At one time he wrote me suggesting that we change the price of the three-cent Gospels for, he said, "I cannot make the people understand me. When I say the price is three cents they always think I say either six or thirteen." I replied telling him that it was because of his defective pronunciation of the Spanish "r" in the word "tres"; that, since he had as many muscles in his tongue as a Cuban, I would suggest that he master the pronunciation of that letter. "Cubans are exceedingly polite," I told him, "and when you ask them if you have the correct pronunciation of a letter they will invari-

ably tell you, 'Yes,' not only because they do not wish to hurt your feelings, but because they really do understand, at the time, what you are trying to say. You will know when you are correct, however, when your 'tres' (three) is not mistaken for 'seis' (six) or 'trece' (thirteen)." Mr. Cole saw the point and took the advice.

One is frequently chagrined at the lack of effort to master the details of Spanish on the part of Americans using it continually. When revisiting Cuba after we had moved to Porto Rico, I was once introduced to a congregation as a representative from Porta Rica, instead of Porto Rico; or, the man from the "Rich Door" instead of the man from the "Wealthy Port." I heard another American in the same town take part in a debate with a Spanish-speaking journalist. In Spanish, as in Latin and French, many shades of meaning are represented by the use of the subjunctive mood. It is the form used for the expression of contingency and doubt. It is the form for request, and to modify statements which might otherwise appear too dogmatic. The American marshalled a great many facts; but his presentation of them was so crude that it was painful to listen to him. He did not use the subjunctive mood once in the whole address. The journalist was a master of the language, as well as of the courtesies required by the occasion. The address impressed his hearers as a literary masterpiece and the judges gave him the

debate; although the American attempted to present (I will not say presented) the strongest arguments.

The continued use of the language without mastering it is like a man chopping with a dull ax, or hunting for big game with an old-fashioned blunderbuss. He will make plenty of noise; but will not accomplish as much as he might otherwise do. I have heard young missionaries say that they could not find time to study the language. Imagine a woodman saying he could not get time to sharpen his ax, or file his saw, or a hunter that he could not take time to be sure of his aim.

The gentlemen referred to are no longer in the West Indies. It is to be taken for granted that all who are there now are serious students of the language. This word is intended for those who may go to Spanish America in the future. The Spanish language is the weapon you will be using against evil in your crusade to win souls for Christ. Always continue to polish it and improve your ability to manipulate it; thereby making it as effective a weapon as possible in your hands. We Americans do not take the pains we ought to master a foreign language. We are all of us too inclined to be satisfied when we get to the point where we feel that we are making ourselves understood.

I must not leave Cuba without calling attention to a few more of the results of the work of the

modern crusader, who goes forth fully armed with the "Sword of the Spirit which is the Word of God."

Mr. Muñoz, a deacon of the Presbyterian Church in Matanzas, in early life started to educate himself for the priesthood. He had gone as far as he could with his studies in Cuba and was in Havana, on his way to Spain, to complete his course. He saw a man selling Bibles on the street. He had never seen a Bible before. He bought it out of curiosity, took it to his room to read. Glancing through it his eyes lighted on 1 Timothy 3: 2, where Timothy is told that the bishop should be the husband of one wife. Here is something wrong, he said to himself. The Church tells me that I must not marry; and the Bible enjoins marriage. The more he read the more divergence he found between the teachings of the Bible and the practices of Rome. He could find nothing of the doctrine of Purgatory, the Mass, or the worship of Saints and the Virgin. He decided not to take the next boat for Spain as he had intended; but to remain for a while in the home of a friend near Havana and continue his study of the Book. The more he read, the more thoroughly he became convinced of the errors of Rome. Learning that a Protestant minister, the Rev. Mr. Baker, holding services near by, was using the Bible as authority, he went to hear him; with the result that instead of going to Spain to continue his studies for the

priesthood, he became converted and an active member of the Protestant Church.

At the Sunday School Convention in Santiago de Cuba in 1910, one of the delegates, Señor José Reyes, a former colporter, then working with the Friends Mission in Holguin, Cuba, came to me, his face beaming with joy. He had found a woman, a member of one of the churches in Santiago, who told him that she and all of her family had become convinced of the truth through a Bible sold them by him on one of his trips along the North Coast. On moving to Santiago they joined one of the churches in the city. Mr. Reyes wanted me to have the pleasure of meeting the woman and of learning, at first hand, of this fruit of Bible distribution.

An American school teacher working for one of the sugar companies near Puerto Padre, Cuba, was interested in Christian work, and hearing that there was a Protestant lady in the near-by town, went to call on her. The woman denied being a Protestant or knowing anything about the Protestants. Calling her such was like accusing her of an unknown crime. She readily acknowledged having a Bible and believing it to be the Word of God. She was glad to find that the American stranger also knew and loved the Bible. The book in the possession of this Cuban woman proved to be one of the few that remained from a number that had been sold by a visiting colporter some years before;

the priest having succeeded in gathering up and destroying the others. This thirsty soul had read and reread the Book until she was as familiar with the principal characters of its history as she was with the history of the members of her own family. To her the Bible story was very real, especially the life of Jesus. Her conclusion was that the Scribes and Pharisees denounced by Christ were Romish priests. Although she had never heard the Gospel preached, Mrs. Benedict, the American visitor, had no doubt that this woman had found Christ.

In 1917, I saw an account by Rev. F. Peters in the magazine *Missions* of a woman coming from Puerto Padre to Las Tunas. The first time that she visited the church she presented herself for baptism. Upon examination she was found to be grounded in the faith, although she had never attended a Protestant service before. I have no doubt this woman was the same of whom Mrs. Benedict had told me some years before.

The importance of this Bible distribution by the colporters of the American Bible Society lies, not only in the individual souls that are, here and there, led to Christ by the reading of the Book under the guidance of the Spirit; but in the fact that the general distribution of the Bible, and its being more or less widely read, form a sort of groundwork upon which the missionaries can begin to build in territory hitherto unoccupied. The possession of the Bible and belief in its message is

the foundation upon which an indigenous church must be built.

One of the greatest needs of Cuba to-day is Christian literature. With the general increase of literacy there is an increased demand for reading matter and therefore a greater opportunity for the spread of the Gospel through the printed page. In Cuba the forces of evil seem to be much more awake to the opportunity of getting in their work, through the press, than is the Christian Church. I have never, anywhere else, seen such a mass of vile novels and other obscene literature for sale, as in the bookstores of the Island.

The highly colored illustrations on the covers of the cheaply bound books that decorate the advertising space of the book-stalls are so indecent and suggestive of vice that going to a bookstore for a needed article is like trying to rescue something of value from the mud of a gutter. It is impossible to secure the good without contamination with the vile. I have known people to cross to the other side of the street, and even go around a block rather than pass one of these stores when in the company of a lady.

The vile character of some of the pictures offered for sale by well-dressed young men, ostensibly selling picture postals, on the streets of Santiago and Havana, exceeds in obscenity anything that I have ever seen pictured on the walls of the heathen temples of India.

There is such a demand for reading matter throughout Cuba that travelling salesmen are able to make a living going from house to house with cheaply bound books. The literature that they sell is not all bad. They carry some of the works of the best Spanish authors, and some translations of excellent English and French works; but in the collections that I saw, the vile predominated.

Protestant America has been late in grasping the importance of the circulation of Christian literature in the evangelization of Spanish America. The American Tract Society employed one colporter in the vicinity of Havana; and, at times, the American Baptist Publication Society employed a man in Eastern Cuba. Missionaries, also, kept on hand small stocks of helpful books; but there was no centre where all the evangelical literature published in Spanish, or even a respectable fraction of it, could be secured. Native pastors used to lament the difficulty experienced in securing good reading matter for themselves, their congregations, and for general distribution. The little that was available came from such widely separated sources as the United States, Spain, and the Argentine.

Since the time of which I write, something has been done towards securing a more adequate supply of literature for the workers in Cuba. The Committee on Coöperation in Latin America is publishing an illustrated monthly magazine calculated to reach the educated classes. A small book-

store has also been established in Havana. What has been done, however, is very little indeed compared with the present opportunity of reaching the whole people through the printed page.

An interdenominational, illustrated, Christian family paper is needed. Also, we ought to see that the whole Island is covered by the itinerant colporter, selling, from door to door, wholesome, uplifting, character-building literature. The great need is for a united effort on the part of evangelical Christianity to counteract the flood of vile literature that is swamping this beautiful Island, so richly endowed with natural attractions.

V

HAITI

DIRECTLY south from Boston and New York in the direct path of steamships sailing from New York to Panama, lies the Island of Haiti, on which are located the Republics of Haiti and Santo Domingo. Comparatively small this Island appears on the maps; yet it covers a territory in excess of the combined area of Connecticut, Massachusetts and New Jersey.

The whole Island has a remarkably pleasant and healthful climate; especially so in the higher altitudes. It possesses the highest mountain, as well as the highest mountain range in the West Indies. During the summer months when we in the United States and Canada are sweltering, with the thermometer ranging around 100 in the shade, the temperature, even in the coast towns of Haiti, seldom reaches 90 degrees Fahrenheit. The Island is also very rich in agricultural possibilities.

It is said that nowhere in the world is there to be found such a varied flora in so small a territory as in Haiti. Its mountains and table-lands produce most of the products of the Temperate Zone; while on the plains and hills near the coast are raised, in

great abundance, the fruits of the Tropics. I know of no other market, except that of Mexico City, which displays such a variety of native products as does that of Port-au-Prince, the Capital of Haiti. Women come down the rugged mountain paths at the back of the City bringing on their heads baskets filled with turnips, carrots, potatoes, cabbage, strawberries and peaches grown in the cool climate of the higher elevations. Other women come in boats and along the paths skirting the seashore, bringing bananas, oranges, mangoes, and other fruits of the Tropics grown in the lower altitudes.

Watered by abundant rains, its heat tempered by the trade winds and the altitude of its mountains, with a soil of inexhaustible fertility, why has Haiti not taken her stand among the nations of the earth? Before the French Revolution, Haiti was a prosperous French Colony. It was a prosperity, however, built upon slave labor. During the time of the first Napoleon, after a war in which many atrocities were committed on both sides, the blacks achieved their independence and the whites were expelled. Since that time Haiti has been like a piece of Central Africa planted in the Western World. The mulattos, generally, and those who had come in closer contact with the French, were for the things that made for progress. The mass of the people were ignorant, many of them but recently imported from Africa. These were in-

tensely jealous of the progressive element. Through civil wars and revolutions the worst element gained the ascendency and maintained it by assassination of prospective political opponents.

After the withdrawal of the French, left entirely to herself, Haiti started on the road to ruin, resting only occasionally from a mad orgy of civil wars, revolutionary uprisings, assassinations, and murders, until recently stopped by the occupation of the country by Uncle Sam's marines. Politically we are now acting the Good Samaritan to our badly wounded and exhausted neighbor.

In October, 1909, in answer to some inquiries I had made regarding the need of Bibles in Haiti, I received a letter from Rev. A. F. Parkinson-Turnbull, the energetic representative of the Wesleyan Methodist Church of England, located at Port-au-Prince, stating that in his trips to the interior he had visited towns of from five to eight thousand inhabitants, where a copy of the Bible or New Testament could not be found and where the people were in absolute ignorance of the Bible story.

There being no opportunity at the time to obtain passage from Cuba to Haiti, I went to New York by one of the Ward Line boats, and, going to the Bible House, chose what I thought a suitable stock of French books and took passage for Port-au-Prince on a boat of the Atlas Line, arriving November the fifth, 1909.

Our ship came to anchor at a distance from the

shore during the night, and at daybreak we steamed slowly towards the port.

To one familiar with the glowing descriptions of the abundant vegetation of the Tropics, the view on the approach to Cuba, at either Havana or Santiago, is disappointing. This part of Haiti, however, comes up to all expectations. The view from the sea is a dream of tropical loveliness. From their base, where the roots of the grass and the cocoanut palm are bathed by the gentle waves, to their very summits the mountains surrounding the city of Port-au-Prince are clothed in verdure. The city itself, lying at the foot of the mountains, shaded, covered, protected, and almost hidden in the luxuriant vegetation, is a sight to behold; with the towering cathedral, and the tops of the highest buildings only, appearing above the trees. The whole scene is one of indescribable beauty.

Shortly after sunrise, the port doctor, the agent of the steamship line, and the pilot, came on board. I was much struck with the attire of the last mentioned gentleman. Black as midnight, he appeared quite pompous in his gold-braided coat and cap. On one foot he wore a brightly polished tan shoe, while the other was protected and ornamented by a freshly chalked white canvas of different size and shape.

At this time there were no docks at Port-au-Prince. Passengers were taken to and from the ship in small boats and the freight in lighters.

Each person was obliged to make his own arrangements for going ashore after the ship had finally anchored in the harbor. This is still the case with most West Indian ports. In broken English the pompous gentleman asked that he might have the honor of taking myself and baggage to the wharf and of helping me with them through the custom house, charging for his services $1.50. When we left the ship in the small rowboats the lighters had already arrived and had begun to receive the cargo.

I had just been regaled with the beauties of the natural surroundings of Port-au-Prince as seen from the sea; hence the vividness in my memory of the first two hours spent in the city itself. The contrast was very great. One traveller has said that viewed from without, Port-au-Prince is a sight worth coming 5,000 miles to behold; but once within the city the first impulse is to travel 5,000 miles to get away. The men in the boat rowed us to the broken-down landing where a vociferating mob of ragged blacks were crowding to the water's edge, pushing and pulling each other, acting for all the world like a crowd of unruly, quarrelsome children, each trying to get nearer the boat than the other in order to be able to improve the opportunity of earning a few pennies by helping with the baggage. The official of the gold braid and variegated footwear, who had taken us ashore, motioned to a

soldier, a barefoot lad of sixteen, with half of one of the legs of his pantaloons gone, very little of the seat left, no shirt, a ragged coat and military cap, indicating that he help with the baggage. Down went his gun immediately in the dirt, to be trodden on and kicked about by the jostling crowd, until, after having carried my trunk and valises and put them down in front of the custom house, he returned to pick it up. He was a fair sample of the average soldier of the famous Haitian army at that time, when its gold-braided generals boasted to me that their armies had whipped those of England and France.

At the office, where my passport was examined, I was treated with the utmost courtesy by an ebony official speaking Parisian French with a perfect accent and showing the best of good breeding. As I was leaving, one of the officials handed me the card of a hotel in which it appeared he was interested, and solicited my patronage. On my telling the customs officials that I represented the Bible Society and that I was visiting the Rev. Mr. Turnbull, the baggage was given a very superficial examination and I was allowed to proceed. My man did not claim his $1.50 until he had called a coach and seen me and my baggage duly installed. I learned afterwards that I had taken the most satisfactory method of making a landing, *i. e.*, by making the one man responsible and looking only to him. If he needs help in handling the baggage, let

him make his own arrangements with any assistance he may wish to employ.

Once within the city of Port-au-Prince the impression of its natural beauty as seen from without was forgotten for the time, obliterated as it was by the view of dirt and rags, filth and squalor, and the stench of the sewage and garbage with which the city streets and open gutters were filled. Port-au-Prince of those days was simply indescribable. The city authorities were supposed to remove the garbage once a week and all householders were obliged to throw their refuse in a heap on the streets outside their doors. I do not suppose it had been removed for many weeks when I landed. The wind, the passers-by and the hogs that roamed the streets had scattered the garbage so that one was nearly ankle deep in it.

The streets had been paved in the time of the French, but the pavement was full of holes. The horse attached to the ramshackle Victoria was able to pull one wheel out of a hole only to have it drop into another a little farther on. Thus we made our awkward and uncomfortable way to the Methodist parsonage.

The salvation of Port-au-Prince from the standpoint of sanitation is its torrential rains. There was no sewage system and the municipal ordinance for the removal of garbage was not carried out. The city at the time I landed was a veritable pest hole. This was, however, because it had not re-

cently rained. A night or two after, we had a terrific thunder shower; when the water coming down the sides of the mountains turned the streets of the city into rushing rivers and swept the filth into the sea, so that the following morning they presented quite a clean appearance. Not so, however, the corner lots. These being used for public toilets and not being in the course of the water sweeping to the sea, sent up an almost unbearable stench.

I found more than half of the one hundred thousand people of the Capital living in temporary shacks made of pieces of corrugated iron, dry-goods boxes, barrel staves, Standard Oil tins; in fact, almost anything that could be put together to make a shelter from the sun and rain. The year before, the city had been destroyed by fire in time of peace, by the order of their president, Nord Alexis. This was one of the many atrocities that helped to turn the people so against him that Antoine Simon, another ignorant adventurer and superstitious believer in witchcraft, was enabled to get into power.

A distinctive feature of life in Haiti, a knowledge of which is indispensable to any understanding of it, is the universal belief in voodooism, snake worship and the power of the witch doctor, relics of African fetishism. At the time of securing their independence a clause was inserted in the new constitution providing that only those having Negro or Indian blood could become landowners,

making it from the first a purely African country, as the number of Indians was a negligible quantity. Not only were the inhabitants of the Republic composed of a mass of uneducated Negroes, but a large percentage of these had but recently been imported from Africa, or were the children of those so imported. As the French did not believe in the education of their slaves, the educated leaders were few. While those who were educated adopted the Roman religion, the great mass of the population of Haiti have always been serpent worshippers, or voodooists; and the whole country, from the president down, has always lived in mortal terror of the witch doctor. It was reported, and generally believed, that it was at the instigation of a sorcerer, who at a voodoo séance told President Nord Alexis that a great fire was necessary in order to make secure his seat in the presidential chair, that the president the following morning ordered the city burned.

The sorcerers and sorceresses are called by the natives "Papalois" and "Mamalois." One sees their huts which are the centres of the cult throughout the Island. They are distinguished by the whitewashed front, the neatly swept yard in the centre of which is planted a white cross; while sacred palms are to be seen growing about the house. The sorcerers, both male and female, are supposed to have power to influence the evil spirits. It is thought that they are able to produce a cata-

leptic state similar to death in the victim; and that after the person, who is supposed to be dead, has been buried, the witch doctor can dig him up, revive him, and by the exercise of supernatural powers convert him into his slave or body servant, or turn him into an animal.

The following stories told me on my visits to the Island, some by foreigners, some by natives themselves, will illustrate the nature of these beliefs.

An English gentleman of Port-au-Prince told me, at the time of my first visit, of seeing the police of that city leading a woman along the street under arrest and carrying an apparently dead child. Curiosity prompted him to follow to the magistrate's court, where the father of the child accused the woman of having killed it. Before the magistrate the woman declared that the child was not dead, but only apparently so, as the result of a drug that she had used, and, said she: "If you will withdraw the charge against me and allow me to go free, I will administer the antidote and revive it. Otherwise the child will die." At the earnest request of the father, the judge promised to let the woman go, if she would restore the child. She immediately went through with certain performances and administered some potion that brought the apparently dead child to life. Meanwhile, having secured immunity, she grew bold, and said to those surrounding her: "You know that I have a child to eat every year, and you (pointing to the

judge), and you, and you (pointing to other officers who stood near), have eaten human flesh with me."

Some time later Mr. Paul Delattre, a Frenchman, pastor of the Baptist church in St. Marc, Haiti, told me there had recently returned to that section a woman whom all her friends believed to have died, and to have been buried, some eight years before. She returned with five children, and with the story that the witch doctor had dug her up, brought her to life, and taken her to live with him until he was killed in a recent revolution. Upon his death she was free, and returned home to her parents.

On my last visit to Haiti, spending a day at the Cape, I found the whole city stirred by the story of a man who had just returned to the place after having, supposedly, been dead and buried for years. Here is the story as I was told it by Mr. Albert, the native Haitian pastor of the Wesleyan church at Cape Haiti.

The man claimed that after his burial the witch doctor had exhumed him, and brought him to life, turned him into an ox, and in this form had worked him until he was set free by the death of his master. He said that, as an ox, he was driven frequently to the town and that he occasionally met and recognized his own mother on these trips. As evidence of the truth of his story, the man showed a scar upon his neck caused by the yoke. The

priest at Cape Haiti corroborated the fact of the man's burial; and the whole story was believed by most Haitians living in the place.

All over Haiti one hears the wildest stories of this nature, told in all seriousness by people of otherwise ordinary intelligence. For instance, a man purchased a pig on a market day and, bringing it home, tied it to a tree. In the morning he found a beautiful young lady tied there in the place of the pig. In some way his purchase of her had emancipated her from the power of the sorcerer and secured for himself a grateful spouse.

The Haitians are great believers in ghosts. Mr. Leon Hyson, manager of a German export establishment in Petit Guave, told me how a rich man of his acquaintance got his start in life by purchasing a haunted house for a small sum. Constant rappings were heard and nobody was willing to live there; hence the house was sold very cheaply.

Seated alone one evening in the house, the man heard the rapping, which appeared to come from the ceiling. In a loud voice he commanded whoever it was to come down. A pair of feet appeared through the ceiling and a sepulchral voice said, "I am coming." "Come along, I am not afraid," said the occupant of the room. Slowly the body descended, stopped and knocked repeatedly and was as repeatedly challenged to come on, until, at the final challenge, the body was hanging by the neck alone, the head only having failed to appear.

At last the head being released, the body dropped, and there stood before the man a giant negro. "Follow me," said the negro. The man followed to the corner of another room, where, pointing to the ground, the ghost said, "Dig." Digging, the man unearthed a buried treasure of gold. "There," said the ghost, "I am satisfied and can rest. My master made me bury that gold there and then killed me, so that I could tell no one where it was. Ever since my death I have been trying to tell somebody, but all were afraid. Now I shall rest and you have the gold as a reward for your fearlessness." Mr. Hyson believed the story so implicitly that he could not understand my incredulity. "What evidence have you that it is true?" I asked. "Why," he said, "everybody knows it." "Did the man tell you himself?" "No, but he was poor before and is rich now, and everybody knows that that is the way he got his money."

The ghost stories are, of course, superstitious fancies of the untutored mind. With the witch doctors, however, the case is different. I have wondered if their principal power did not lie in hypnotism; and possibly in the knowledge of the toxic effect of some powerful drug extracted from the herbs they gather. At any rate, the subject is worth studying. How did these unlettered Africans gain this ascendency over the rest of their race in this Island, and cause, even otherwise intelligent

people, to believe in their power? The sorcerers were looked upon as the professional poisoners. Did a man wish to secure a government position, or, having secured one, did he wish advance, he would visit the witch doctor and enlist his services. But first he must himself be initiated into the mysteries of voodooism. It is said that the "supreme sacrifice" (that of a human child) is made during these initiations and the body eaten. The children stolen for this purpose are drugged and kept in a dazed state until the time of the event. The Haitians tell me that this cannibalism is indulged in for the purpose of compromising the man who employs the witch doctor to poison his enemy or aid him in his own advancement. Having partaken with the sorcerer in the crime of cannibalism he would not dare to report him to the authorities or work against him.

Some of the more enlightened presidents of Haiti tried to stamp out voodooism, enacting very stringent laws against its practices. These laws became, however, of no effect, some of the later presidents being great believers themselves, and followed the practices of the cult. The wife of one of them was a famous sorceress, holding voodoo séances in the National Palace.

As far as I can learn, literature does not record very faithfully or extensively these popular beliefs of Haiti. It would be well worth while for someone to master the native *Patois* and in the in-

terests of literature, psychology and folk-lore, record these creations of the African mind before they disappear from the face of the earth with advancing civilization.

The study of the language of the country people of Haiti, the *Patois* is not without interest; and its acquisition is not difficult for one who has already made a study of French or for one who has a good ear. It is very simple and has few grammatical forms. Some form of the French verb is chosen, generally the past participle, and there is no change in this form for number, person, or tense; the latter being expressed by adverbs of time. For example, the English equivalent for past, present, and future of the verb "to work" in this style of speech would be, "I work yesterday," "I work to-day," "I work to-morrow." The pronoun "li" stands for all the forms of "he," "she," and "it." It would seem that the newly arrived African adopted of the language of his French masters the words as they sounded to him. There have crept into the language also many words of Spanish origin. Thus in the *Patois* of Haiti the word for an egg is "zeu," a corruption of the French "les oeufs." The word "cob" used for a cent, comes from the Spanish word "cobre" copper, "rapadou" brown sugar is a corruption of the Spanish "raspadura." While there is no doubt that "gourde," the name given the national monetary standard, is a one-syllabled

corruption of the Spanish words "peso gordo." Everyone who learns to read in Haiti learns French, and it would seem a pity to perpetuate the *Patois* to the extent of publishing books in it. Its study, however, is not without human interest and I trust will appeal, together with the study of voodooism and folk-lore, to some of our American scholars.

When, the day of my arrival, after having run the risk of upsetting our coach or breaking the springs several times in getting into and out of the holes in the streets, we arrived at the Methodist parsonage, I asked the black woman who came to the door, *Si M. Le Pasteur y etait,* she replied in English accompanied by the unmistaken accent of Jamaica, that Mr. Turnbull was up-stairs and would soon be down.

While waiting for Mr. Turnbull a small boy came running up with a very neatly folded note addressed to me in a handwriting which was really a marvel of a chirographic acquisition. With an added feeling of personal importance at being addressed in this manner so soon after my arrival, I opened the note. It was an elegantly worded appeal from a person with whose name I was unfamiliar for a *"Petite gratification,"* or, in plain English, a "little tip." As I stood puzzling as to why I should be approached in this manner, Mr. Turnbull came in and explained. The note was from the customs official who had passed my baggage. Mr.

Turnbull was indignant that a guest of his should be troubled so soon. When I learned that such officials received no salary, but were dependent for their continued existence upon what they could get out of the travelling and trading public, I didn't have the same scruples against sending the *petite gratification.*

Were it not for the tragedy of it, the government of Haiti under the old régime would have been a screaming farce. Officials paid themselves from the funds received.

A passport was necessary in order to be able to purchase a ticket to leave the country. I would like to take the reader with me on a trip to secure this paper. First we go to the municipal building to secure the preliminary police permit. A rusty rifle is leaning across the door of entrance. You are for stepping over and passing on; but, no! Haiti is under martial law. A half-starved, dirty, ragged, unkempt, barefoot negro boy soldier is on guard, sitting in the dirt near by; or, if he has gone away for the moment, the gun is on guard, and you must wait till it is removed before you can pass into the presence of the functionaries within. We pass through a large room in which are lounging several equally disreputable looking representatives of the army. Take off your hat immediately, otherwise one will be sure to bellow out, from under his own dirty cap, trying to make up for his youthful appearance by the sonorousness,

fierceness and apparent anger of his voice: *"Qui oo Blanc, pa quitter chapeau?"* ("Who are you, white man, that you do not take off your hat?") The dignity and sovereignty of Haiti must be respected by all foreigners.

Smilingly we comply with the not unkind, though slightly irritating injunction; and, removing our hats, pass to the desk of the clerk who writes out for us a form of application on a sheet of stamped paper that we have been careful to procure beforehand. After giving a few cents to the man of the quill for his trouble, we pass on to the office of the chief of police, an officer very much impressed with his own importance. This man will probably send us word that he is busy at present and will see us at a certain hour the next day; or will ask us to call again in the afternoon. He may possibly condescend to take the paper and tell us to call for it later. It would, however, be entirely beneath his dignity to sign a permit at once and let you proceed about your business. No, no, he must delay you long enough so that you also will be fully impressed with his powers, and your dependence upon his consent to leave the city.

After obtaining the police permit, without which a passport cannot be secured, we repair to the offices of the Minister of War. Here a clerk fills out the form of a passport; when, after contributing to his personal support, "anything you wish," we present ourselves at the door of the office

of the chief functionary, the Minister of War of the Republic of Haiti. He may be in the inner office apparently reading, or smoking and chatting with a friend. At any rate he sends out word for us to call at two o'clock the next day.

We call at the appointed hour, but his worship is busy and sends word for us to call the next day. The following day he sees us, takes the unsigned passport and tells us to call for it the next day. Calling as directed, as we supposed for the last time, he tells us with apparent chagrin that he took the documents home with him together with other papers to be signed. He is sorry. He will bring them when he comes to the office in the afternoon.

Nearly a week has passed since we began negotiations to secure the passports, thinking we had plenty of time. Our boat sails in an hour and the steamship agent will not sell us a ticket, nor will the police allow us to depart without these official evidences that we have permission of the proper authorities to do so. Upon our statement of the case his worship seems to become concerned in our interest. His home is too far out for him to be able to send and get the passports in time. He will send a soldier with us to tell the steamship agent that the passports have been signed and there will be no trouble.

We depart, rather doubtfully, with the soldier, who is all puffed up with the importance of his message. Just as we had expected, upon our ar-

rival at the ticket office, the agent refuses to break the law with no further assurance that he is authorized to do so than the word of a private soldier. If the Minister of War will come to the office and tell him that he has a signed passport for us in his desk at home he will sell us a ticket under protest. Nothing remains to be done but to hire a coach and drive again with all speed back to the Ministry, upon what proves to be the last of our many visits to Haitian officialdom in our attempts to secure this particular passport.

Of course the Minister will come to the office or do anything else to oblige us; and says, "Go along back to the steamship office. I will order my horse and be there before you." Somewhat doubtingly we start back to the office. In a little while, however, true to his word, the Minister of War of the Republic of Haiti, in a uniform decked with yards upon yards of gold braid, comes riding down the street on a gaudily caparisoned stallion and, accompanied by his aide, dismounts in front of the steamship office. Entering, he pompously asks why the agent had not acceded to his request and sold us a ticket, since the passport had been granted.

"But," replies the agent, "I could not accept the word of a private soldier on a matter so important."

"Quite right, quite right; but their passports have been granted and I have them locked up in my desk at home. You can sell them their tickets."

"Certainly, with pleasure," replies the agent, "now that you command it; but the proceeding is irregular and your own word was necessary."

Turning to us, the Minister is profuse in his wishes that we may have a pleasant trip and be able before long to do his country the honor of another visit. We, on our part, express our thankfulness to him for coming to our assistance. We tell him that Haiti is a delightful country and that we hope to return. We then hasten to the dock to bargain with the boatmen to take us, together with our baggage, out to the steamer, lying half a mile from shore, and impatiently blowing its whistle to hasten the completing of the formalities connected with filling out the final sailing papers.

Soon we are weighing anchor and another visit to the only land in the Western World where black reigns supreme and mere white man is made to feel his petty insignificance is brought to a close.

All of the details just described, with the exception of the visit of the Minister of War to the steamship office, were a necessary concomitant to any visit to Haiti. No description of mine, however, can give an adequate conception of the real situation. I learned in later visits to begin activities connected with securing a passport out of the Island immediately upon arrival.

We were not in Haiti, however, on a pleasure trip; but to study conditions and to set forces at work that should make for bringing to its people

the message contained in the Book of Books. The great poverty of the people was everywhere evident. A greatly depreciated currency was in circulation. I found that a day's wage in the Capital was equivalent to about ten cents in American money. We immediately reduced the selling prices of our French Bibles to a fraction of their cost in order that, in Haiti as in America, a day's wage would pay for a Bible.

Long shall I remember my first visit to Port-au-Prince; and the visits of the years that followed have left bright spots in my memory; not because of the pleasantness of the sojourn from a physical standpoint but because of the hearty welcome accorded me by the groups of Protestant workers throughout the Island. So few are those that are laboring in this American Africa and so small and isolated are the bands of believers who are fighting the powers of darkness and evil that surround them that they appreciate to the full the visit of every representative from the outside world who comes into their midst.

VI

HAITI (*Continued*)

AS Haiti was always under martial law, no description of it would be complete without a reference to its army, the soldiery of which was always in evidence. For the most part they were a dirty, unkempt lot of boys and young men, whose uniform consisted of a dilapidated military cap and a ragged coat and trousers. Their meagre allowance of ten cents a week was scarcely ever paid; even this small amount being stolen from them by their superior officers.

For food they were dependent entirely upon what they could pick up at odd jobs, beg or steal, in the communities where they were located. One of the most common sights was that of a soldier squatting before a small fire of sticks, boiling, in a tomato can, a sweet potato or an ear of corn; all that he had been able to secure for his one cooked meal that day. Whenever one met a soldier in the road or on the street one expected to hear "*Baie m' cinq cob*" ("Give me five cents"); and, taking into consideration that five cents was worth less than one cent American money, one always felt like conceding the request.

How were these soldiers recruited? They were secured in the same manner as their forefathers were captured by slave raiders and brought to the Island. There were no volunteers among them. One often met recruiting officers coming along a trail driving before them groups of men with their hands tied behind their backs, taking them to Port-au-Prince or some other town to make soldiers of them. In times of revolution these men, brought in from the country, would be thrown in prison and kept there until enough were captured to form a company. Meanwhile, their friends brought them food. Is it any wonder that few men were in evidence in the country; and that in times of revolution especially, all the men were in hiding? I have travelled from early morning until late at night across the peninsula from Jacmel to Leogane without seeing a single man, though the country is thickly inhabited.

On my last trip to Aux Cayes on board the steamship *Präsident*, our boat which was licensed to carry 184, passengers and crew, took on 800 men that had been brought in from the mountains by the Government raiders. They were herded like cattle on the lower deck, just as they had been seized in their native mountains. Among them were men of all ages, from boys of thirteen and fourteen, to toothless, white-haired old men. When I arrived at Port-au-Prince this time, I found that all able-bodied men, whatever their oc-

HAITIAN SOLDIERS ON THE MARCH.
CORNER OF PORT-AU-PRINCE, HAITI, MARKET SQUARE.

cupation or profession, were required to sleep in the soldiers' barracks at night, where the army officials could keep their eye on them. In such times as this, work by our colporters was difficult. However, ordinarily we could always secure a permit from the military authorities for a man to sell Bibles. This permit, however, he must always carry with him to show when required. Otherwise he might be arrested and dragged into the army.

In times of peace, all night long the cries of the soldiers, engaged in sentinel duty, could be heard in the streets of Port-au-Prince; many of the young boys frightened, I suppose, at being alone, shouting out to keep themselves company. Walking after dark in the unlighted streets of the Capital, one was sure to be accosted every few blocks by the words *"Qui oo?"* from some dark corner. This was meant for "Who are you?" or the *"Qui vive"* of the French. If no attention was paid to the first challenge a second would follow with a yell of rage intended to terrify by its fierceness. Our reply was *"Etranger"* (a stranger). *"Au large etranger"* ("Go along stranger"), would be the mollified response, followed by a still milder, appealing, *"Baie m' cinq cob"* ("Give me five cents") which one had not the heart to resist.

Reveille came at four in the morning. After that hour soldiers paraded the streets with their

instruments of noise, making such a hullabaloo that sleep was impossible. They, however, seemed greatly to enjoy the experience. It was their one happy hour after the long night was over.

Haiti has a unique way of treating its prisoners, whether criminal or political. They are never fed, but are dependent entirely upon food brought them by relatives and friends. In cases where no friends appear to bring food, the prisoner is sent out, under guard, to beg his bread. When the soldiers were sent to arrest a man, in case he could not be found, they would arrest his wife and small children, and hold them until the man gave himself up. I have seen women in the jails of Haiti herded in the common room with the men. Not only the women but the jail officials also, have told me they were being held because their husbands could not be found.

Haiti boasted in a model constitution, but was never governed by it. It was always a military dictatorship. The life of every Haitian was at the disposal of the president, who frequently could not read, and over whom the witch doctors had gained an ascendency. Summary executions were common. Men, frequently the best in the land, those who had acquired an education and were so advanced in their views that the president was afraid of their influence, were called out of bed at night, taken to the cemetery, shot and buried without any form of trial. On one of my visits to Haiti after

a new president had been installed as a result of a successful revolution, I asked if there had been any summary executions. "Not yet," replied a person who had known the country for many years, and then added, "We say, not yet, because sooner or later they always come."

As with the ignorant elsewhere, the ignorant Haitian cannot stand being in authority. I once saw a soldier arrest a poor country boy. As the soldier was taking him along the street to jail the boy cried aloud repeatedly, "I have done nothing. What have you arrested me for? Why do you take me to jail when I have done nothing?" Irritated at his cries, the soldier set upon him and beat him into insensibility. In spite of its great natural beauty and its political liberty, Haiti has been a land of darkness, bloodshed and oppression.

The groups of Protestant believers found throughout the Island are really a very remarkable people. The Haitian takes his religion seriously. There is absolutely none of the hysterical emotion that is witnessed in so many of the negro churches in America. At the many baptisms I have witnessed, none of those baptized have come out of the water shouting, as is customary with the negro in our Southern States. His religion means so much to him that the Haitian is very earnest and serious-minded about it.

In spite, however, of the lack of show and expressed emotion, the convert in Haiti is a very

happy individual. When travelling one can often tell the Protestant converts by their happy faces. The fact is, their belief in Jesus and in His power to free them from evil, is such a complete emancipation from the thralls of superstition that they cannot help being joyful.

Along with his fellow islanders, the converted Haitian usually believes in the power of the witch doctors and in the potency of evil spirits. To him both are realities. On the other hand, he believes that the Saviour, in whom his trust is, is able to save, and does deliver him from the power of the evil which the sorcerer can exercise, as well as from the power of malignant spirits that inhabit certain trees and plants, and from the evil designs of the spirits of the departed dead. He is not only saved from eternal death hereafter, but from the powers of evil in this life. Here is the secret of his happiness. In a country where evil men are objects of terror because of the supernatural powers they are supposed to possess, where trees and plants are the dwelling-places of malevolent spirits, where the dead return to trouble the living, and where there is no other hope for salvation from these fears, the liberty brought to the soul by belief in the Lord Jesus Christ is a very real thing indeed. The sorcerers themselves acknowledge that their spells have no power over the Protestants.

Jacmel has the largest and most active Protestant

MARKET IN THOMAZEAU; GIRL SELLING GRASS MAT USED AS BED.

community in Haiti. The congregation was building a new church. A voodooist had become converted. This man had on his property a tree that had been the object of worship for two hundred years and no one knows how much longer. It was very large, and would furnish just the lumber needed for the doors of the church. The owner offered it to the pastor for the purpose. On a day appointed the members of the church went to cut down and saw up the tree. No one else could be induced to touch it. People came from miles around to look on while those adventurous Protestants proceeded to fell this monarch of the forest that had for so long been an object of superstitious regard as the abode of powerful spirits that required constant propitiation. The people verily expected some dire calamity to befall the little band because of their temerity.

The tree fell. None of the expected calamities came to pass. It was cut into the lumber which to-day forms the doors and enters into the woodwork of the Jacmel church. The voodooists had to confess that their charms and magic had no effect upon the Protestants. Because of this fearless attitude of the converts, the sorcerers all over Haiti admit that the Protestants are beyond their reach and that charms and magic will not work against them. This appears to be an argument in favor of the power exercised by them being in a measure hypnotic. In order to be able to gain and

retain an ascendency in a subject for hypnotism, there must be a belief on his part in the power of the hypnotizer. The converts believing themselves to be emancipated from the power of the sorcerer, at once become so. The conversion, however, is none the less genuine, nor the spiritual freedom any the less real.

Haiti was always like a dream; everything seemed so unreal. Was it possible that such a beautiful country, possessing so many natural advantages, a country at one time settled and built up by the industrious French, could have become the abode of such horrors, such cruelty and such degradation? Was what I saw every day during my stay in Haiti real? Were some of its inhabitants becoming emancipated from these horrors and from this degradation by the Gospel of Jesus Christ? Were these little groups of faithful Christians, who were struggling alone against the powers of darkness everywhere around them, carrying on their unequal struggle without the help of America? Was it impossible to make generous America look, see, feel, and act to help, not only the native Christians in their attempt to emancipate their fellows from the slavery of superstition; but to help the whole people to free themselves from a régime of oppression and bloodshed worse than slavery? I must have appeared more ghostly than real on my visits to the Board rooms of the various Missionary Societies in New York, pleading with

them to answer the prayer of the struggling churches in Haiti and to send them help in their time of need. At any rate, up to the present, the response has been very ethereal indeed, having failed to materialize.

How about Bible distribution, which was the purpose for which I had visited the Island? With the exception of the inhabitants of Guadeloupe, mentioned later, I never saw people more eager to buy the Bible. No representatve of the American Bible Society had visited the Island for several years; and we found little groups of believers in many places who needed Bibles for their own use. Besides these there were some persons in almost every neighborhood who could read and who were glad to buy the Bible. Many, I am sure, purchased because of a superstitious belief that the Bible would act as a charm to ward off calamity from their home. Everywhere, Bibles, Testaments, Gospels, especially the latter, were sold—thousands of them.

The customs of Haiti lend themselves to this kind of evangelistic work. In different parts of the Island there are market-places where the people are accustomed to meet on certain days for trade by barter. The inhabitants of the mountain districts bring their coffee, cacao, corn, eggs, chickens, casava, anything which they may have made or produced, to these markets. Thither also go merchants from the city, buyers on the small scale,

mostly women, with cloth, flour, needles, thread, pins, matches, cheap jewelry, beads, anything that a country woman might wish to buy in exchange for her produce. These markets are in the open air and are well attended. The women bring their produce and manufactured ware, lay it down beside the road and display it spread out or in heaps; and squatting on their haunches behind the goods thus exposed to view, spend the day offering them to the passers-by. At these fairs we find exposed for sale many articles of peculiarly Haitian manufacture, such as fancy straw saddles for the donkeys, as well as immense panniers, large enough to take in the bottom of a barrel, hats of peculiar shape, baskets, and a thick rush mat which is used for a bed throughout Haiti, being spread on the floor at night and rolled up during the day, halters, ropes of native fiber, etc., etc. At these fairs we frequently sold large numbers of books.

One Saturday I visited, in company with Mr. Jackson, the market of Thomazeau, not far from the Dominican border. Thomazeau is reached by rail from Port-au-Prince. We sold many books on the train and at the stations on the way. As soon as we arrived at the market square we found a woman who was so interested that she not only purchased a book herself but went along ahead of us telling everybody what we were selling and urging them to buy. We soon sold out. The following Saturday, Mr. Jackson, encouraged by what we

had done, returned to the same place. This time he had very poor success. The very same woman, having been so instructed by the priest, went ahead of him warning the people against the books of the heretic. This kind of opposition used to be common all over Latin America but is now becoming rare in the West Indies.

The principal exports of Haiti are coffee, dyewoods, and cacao; the principal imports, cloth and wheat flour. Not much bread, however, is used in the interior, as the people depend mostly upon such substitutes as millet, the green plantain or banana, the yam, the sweet potato, and casava roots. Rice and beans are produced in small quantities. A mixture of rice and red beans goes by the name of the " national dish " in the restaurants of Port-au-Prince. The principal single article of import is blue denim, the cloth from which overalls are made in America. In Haiti this cloth is used almost exclusively for the every-day clothing of men, women and children. On market days the trails are literally blue with people coming and going, clothed in this most durable fabric. One of the great regular markets, or fairs, is held in the mountains, ten miles inland from Port-au-Prince, on a treeless ridge between two higher ranges. This isolated market-place thronged with Haitians, dressed in blue, and bargaining their wares, is an interesting sight.

Backward as Haiti is, she has discovered that

Bible readers, those who profess to live by the principles laid down in the Book, are the only people to be depended upon; and these are the people whom we find occupying positions of trust all over the Island, whether in government employ or in the employ of private concerns.

It is not rare to find instances of conversion through the reading of the Bible. The Methodist church of Jeremie was founded as the result of the work of a colporter of the British and Foreign Bible Society. A New Testament that he sold fell into the hands of the wife of a judge. The woman had lost confidence in the priests, because those of her acquaintance were bad men. As soon as she had begun to read the newly discovered Book she felt that she had at last found the Truth. The colporter had rented a room where he preached evenings. At first she stood outside and listened to his preaching and singing. After a few such visits she gathered courage to enter. She found Christ. Her husband followed her example and became the first native-born Methodist minister in Haiti. To-day members of that family are Protestants and occupying positions of trust in many places in the Island.

The Rev. P. N. Lherisson, pastor of the Baptist church at Jacmel, was converted through the reading of a Bible borrowed from a friend. Mr. Lherisson was the son of wealthy parents; had spent many years in France and England; but, on return-

FIRST COLPORTERS OF AMERICAN BIBLE SOCIETY IN HAITI; THEIR PASTOR, REV. A. F. P. TURNBULL, AND AUTHOR STANDING.

ing to the Island, had lost his all in one of the many revolutions. He was quite an artist and used to amuse himself painting. His caprice led him to conceive the idea of painting a picture of Christ and the woman at the well. He had never read the Bible. He therefore thought that in order to get the expression on the faces he had better read the original story and become imbued with the spirit of the narrative. He borrowed a Bible for this purpose. While reading he became converted and the subject became too sacred for him to attempt to put on canvas. The first time I met Mr. Lherisson at his home in Jacmel, having just run ashore to spend a few hours while our steamer was unloading and taking on freight in the Bay, he told me the story of his conversion and showed me the unfinished picture.

The Sunday following his conversion, in company with a lifelong friend and companion, Dr. Nerva Gousse, Mr. Lherisson attended the service held by an English missionary in the little Baptist chapel. Hitherto the services had been quite poorly attended by lowly people only. The missionary, seeing these two young men of the better class come in, feared some trouble, and asked them rather hesitatingly what they wanted. "The truth," replied Mr. Lherisson. Not quite reassured that the young men were not up to some mischief, or were not there to spy upon him for the government, the missionary went on with the serv-

ice. Shortly after this the two young men joined the church.

Later, when the English missionary was obliged to leave the Island, Mr. Lherisson was ordained in order to be able to care for the small and struggling congregation. Dr. Gousse has always been his most faithful deacon, assistant preacher, and loyal supporter of every enterprise undertaken by the church. Under the leadership of Mr. Lherisson, the Baptist church at Jacmel has become the largest and most successful missionary church in the West Indies. During his residence abroad he had acquired a business education, and is consecrating every bit of his time and inexhaustible energy to the work of evangelizing and elevating his own people. It has been my privilege to be a guest in his home and see him at his work. Rising between four and five o'clock in the morning, every hour of the day is filled with the King's business until he retires at night.

VII

HAITI (*Continued*)

AS a result of the consecrated activities of their energetic pastor, the Jacmel church has established twelve outstations, the most distant of which is seven and a half hours, by horseback, from Jacmel.—This is the way distances are spoken of in that part of Haiti. Pastor Lherisson himself teaches at some one of these outstations every Sunday morning, returning to Jacmel to preach at night. This gives the home church a weekly preaching service and the outstations a visit from the pastor once a quarter. The last Sunday in the quarter Mr. Lherisson spends the whole day in Jacmel. This is communion Sunday and the church members from all the countryside flock to the central church, filling the building to its utmost capacity and producing a splendid impression upon the inhabitants of the town.

Besides the church work, the pastor and his wife with the assistance of Miss Page, an English lady, a self-supporting missionary worker, conduct a school, which is recognized as the best in the city. The church has also established several primary

schools in the mountains at the various mission points. Here some member of the community, who knows how to read, is employed to teach the converts and their children to read the Bible and solve simple problems in arithmetic. Mr. Lherisson does not believe in preaching the Gospel without following it up with sufficient education, at least, to enable the convert to read the Bible. The Bibles for this work are supplied by the American Bible Society.

On one of my trips I went with this remarkable man to visit his farthest outpost. It lay directly on my road over the mountains from Jacmel to Leogane, which latter town I was to visit also on my way to Port-au-Prince. The mule I rode was lent me by Dr. Nerva Gousse, who always gave me a warm welcome to Jacmel, because of his enthusiastic belief in the work of Bible distribution.

Dr. Gousse is the leading lay citizen of Jacmel. I was in the town at the time of the revolution that overthrew President Simon. From whispering group to whispering group, the news circulated that the president had been defeated by the revolutionist, Le Conte, and had retreated to the Capital. When the rumor was verified, the citizens of Jacmel waited on Dr. Gousse and asked him to become governor of the city, till such time as the central government should be reëstablished in Port-au-Prince. In this way bloodshed was avoided,

quiet maintained, and Jacmel had no part in the revolution. The Doctor's use of the position amply justified the confidence placed in him by his fellow citizens. After the revolution was over he retired to private life.

It was late Saturday afternoon when we started out along the trail leading up the stream which emptied into the sea at Jacmel. This path we were to follow until the river became a mere rivulet. Then, leaving the stream we were to proceed to the top of Gros Morne (Big Mountain), where the Sunday service was to be held. Word had been sent ahead that we were coming and that we would spend the night at the home of one of the deacons living near the road. Just before arriving at the deacon's house, we visited the little chapel which houses the nearest outstation of the Jacmel church. The building was erected by the believers of the locality and the material and carpenter work were largely their own contribution. The mason who laid the foundation was converted shortly after the completion of the building.

A service had been announced to be held at the home of the deacon. I gave a short talk on the importance of putting the service of God first in the life of the individual and of the nation, illustrating some of the benefits to be derived from His service. At the close of my talk, Mr. Lherisson said: "We can see the difference here since the Gospel has been preached and we have begun to

study the Bible. Can we not?" A toothless, white-haired old woman in the back of the room jumped up quickly and said, putting her fingers first to her eyes and then to her ears, suiting the action to the word: "Anyone who has eyes to see with and ears to hear with, can see the difference in this valley since the Gospel came here. There are no more voodoo dances; no more drunkenness; no more fighting; but peace and quiet and good-will have come."

Long before daylight the following morning, we again "hit the trail" that led to the top of the mountain. It was a delightfully bright, starry morning, the prelude to a bright, hot day; cool, however, at this altitude. The air was filled with the delicious fragrance of the beautiful coffee blossoms. By getting this early start we would reach the top of the mountain in time for a morning service early enough to allow the pastor to return to Jacmel for the evening.

At daylight we came up with a barefooted preacher on his way to another of the outstations, where he was to preach, and teach the Sunday-school lesson that he had been studying throughout the week with the pastor. This man was carrying a large baked sweet potato in his pocket for lunch. After going along with us for a short distance, he struck off up the valley of a small stream that joined the one we were following. A little further on we overtook two girls, ten and sixteen years of

age, who were walking to the services we were to attend. Very happy they were to have the company of the pastor and they kept pace with us until we arrived at the point where the service was held. Towards the last of the journey the path became so steep that we walked, or, rather, climbed, leading our mules rather than make them carry us.

Arrived at the top of the mountain, we came in sight of the beautiful bay at the head of which Port-au-Prince is located. In the distance lay the Isle of Gonave in its setting of azure, and overlooking the lower ranges, the eye rested on the fertile plain of Leogane. Here, in view of a sight worth coming hundreds of miles to see, the believers had formed a shelter of poles and boughs to protect them from the sun. We found quietly waiting a congregation of people who had been expecting, not their pastor, but simply one of the deacons to address them and teach the lesson for the day.

I was more than surprised at the presence of so many mountain folk. I was particularly pleased with the attention with which they followed the address of the pastor and the intelligence with which they listened to my simple explanation of the American Bible Society and its work. There were two hundred and ninety-five people present. They were counted by a simple expedient. I asked the pastor how many people he thought there were.

"We can easily find out," he said, and, raising his voice asked everyone present to bring one peb-

ble and drop it in his hand. All responded, bringing to him two hundred and ninety-five pebbles. Never, in any land, have I been present at a more orderly or more impressive service than this one held on the summit of Gros Morne, an extreme outpost, as it were, of the kingdom in the interior of Haiti.

Mr. Lherisson was obliged to leave immediately after the close of the service in order to return to Jacmel for the evening. I proceeded, however, in company with some of the worshippers who were going my way. All that beautiful afternoon I continued my journey with them.

From our starting point, six thousand feet above sea level, we could see over the tops of the intervening mountain ranges on to the plain of Leogane, said to be the most productive spot in Haiti. Beyond lay the cool waters of the Caribbean with the Island of Gonave in the distance. I had viewed these mountains before, from the sea, when the point where I stood was indistinct in the haze and the mountains appeared as though forest-covered. My impressions then had been that the greater part of the intervening space was in forest. This is, however, not the case. On my first visit to Haiti, an Englishman, who ought to have known better, said to me: "The Haitians do not plant anything. They simply harvest that which grows of itself." During this trip I came to realize how far from the truth this statement was. The land in this part

of Haiti has all been parcelled out into small holdings and practically every foot of it is under cultivation.

Coffee is the great money crop of the Island. This is grown almost everywhere; and the coffee bush, together with the shade trees that are planted to protect it, fills the valleys of the mountain streams for a certain distance up their sides. Higher up begin the plots of corn, sweet potatoes, etc., while on the tops of the mountains and hills between us and the sea a crop of millet is growing. Every part of the mountains in this section of Haiti is under cultivation. Fields of millet and corn are to be seen growing on slopes so steep that one wonders how the workers possibly manage to maintain a foothold while doing the labor of planting, weeding and harvesting.

There was quite a little company of us starting out on the trail down the mountainside, or rather, down the sides of the mountains; for there were the intervening ranges to cross. Our number, however, soon began to grow smaller; as, in ones and twos, and occasionally by whole families, they would leave the main trail and go to their homes on the mountainside. We passed a couple *"Hounforts"* as the huts of the sorcerers are called. The Christians took great satisfaction in pointing these out to me and in telling me that, though they once feared these people and worshipped with them, they were now out of their power.

At a few places, as people left our group, they would ask me to stop and see their homes. One couple wanted to give me a sturdy little girl of about eleven years of age to take to America; for they said she would be better off with me than with them.

At one home there were a father, mother, and four children. The parents seemed so bright, happy and earnest that I asked them if they were church members, anticipating an answer in the affirmative. There was just a trace of sadness in the man's voice as he answered:

"No, we are believers, but we are not married."

Farther on we came to the house of Mr. Canusse Desir where I was to spend the night. A neighbor came bringing his children and their mother, that I might see them. Again I asked the same question and received the same reply: "No, we are not members, we are not married, we are believers only."

Here is one of the great difficulties in the way of the moral uplift and Christianizing of Haiti. The Romish priests have charged so much for the marriage fee that it has been out of the question for a poor man to think of paying it. At the same time, although the laws of Haiti provide for a civil marriage, the priests have taught that to go through the form of civil marriage was wrong, worse than living together without any ceremony whatever.

There are on the waiting list as prospective candidates for membership in the Jacmel church about one thousand six hundred persons who have come to believe in Jesus Christ and to go by the name of believers. They are not members of the church and have no voice in its government. By far the greater number of these are being kept out because of their irregular marital relations. The reader will ask as I did: "Why do these converts not marry?" The principal reason is because the laws are such that in very many cases they cannot secure the necessary documents. A great deal of red tape has to be unwound and considerable information secured before a civil marriage can be performed. The certificates of birth of both parties must accompany the application and it is seldom that these can be secured. Then the certificates of birth of the children that have already resulted from the union are required. For people who have been living without paying any attention to such things, the securing of these becomes very difficult if not impossible. The longer the marriage has been put off the more the formalities that have to be gone through. There is some expense attached to each step of the process making the cost almost prohibitive. In some cases the Jacmel church has borne the expense in connection with securing the marriage papers, advancing the money to the parties as a loan to be paid back by installments. I understand that the church has a small sum that it

is using for this purpose. As the amount advanced is paid back, other worthy applicants are helped in the same way.

In the case of such couples as those referred to, the question will perhaps suggest itself to the reader as it did to me: "If these parties have been living together for years, have been faithful to each other, and are raising their children in the Christian faith, they are husband and wife as truly as were Isaac and Rebecca. Why not receive them into membership?" The reply was: "The church wishes to set and maintain the highest standard of social relationship and can therefore admit to membership only such as are living in conformity to the laws of both God and man."

The church, however, cannot advise the separation of these couples and the breaking up of the families. Withholding church membership cannot injure them. All the privileges of a Christian community are theirs. They attend the church services, the Sunday schools are open to their children, and they contribute to the work of the church. On the other hand it would work injury to the church were they admitted; for one irregularity being allowed it would be difficult to know where to draw the line. These couples admit the justice of the attitude taken by the church. Moreover, this stand has greatly helped in the uplift of the moral life of the community.

VIII

HAITI (*Concluded*)

WE have slept in the native huts and in the open air, and have never carried arms. There has never been the least consciousness of personal danger from the attitude of the people. They were uniformly courteous and obliging. I was treated impolitely but once. When selling books for the first time in the market at Leogane, I approached a prosperous looking man and asked him if he would not like to make a purchase. He answered very gruffly, "No; why are you, a white man, selling books here? I want none of them." Unable to arrive at any conclusion as to why that particular person should have been angry with me I mentioned the matter to Mr. Turnbull the first time I saw him. "Did you say 'Good-day' before offering the book?" asked Mr. Turnbull. I had not done so, and the man felt mortally offended. A group of men with surly looks may be discussing unfavorably the presence of the foreigner, when a smile and a cheery word from him will disarm suspicion and change the attitude of the whole group. They are as pleased

as children at being noticed and spoken to cheerfully.

One must always notice and say good-day to a fellow traveller, whether meeting or passing him on the road. On joining a group one should notice and pass a word of salutation with each member of the party, otherwise offense is likely to be taken.

Mr. Delattre, of St. Marc, Haiti, who had come to understand the *Patois,* told me of visiting an acquaintance, a shoemaker in his shop. Two other men were present whom he did not go through the formality of addressing. During their conversation the shoemaker was called away and my friend heard one of the two other Haitians who were in the shop say to his companion in *Patois* which he thought Mr. Delattre would not understand: "I would like to kill that man, cut out his heart and drink his blood." Surprised, Mr. Delattre addressed him in *Patois* asking why he felt that enmity towards him. The reply was *"Oo pas di bonjou."* ("You did not say good-morning.") It took considerable explanation on the part of the Frenchman to obliterate the bad impression caused by what had been considered a direct insult.

The last thing before retiring at night every member of the family shakes hands with every other member, as well as with any guests or friends present. They also shake hands again all round when joining the family group in the morning. Children shake hands and present their cheeks to be

kissed. In fact, whenever a friend visits a family this is the salutation for the children when greeting or being introduced. On my first visit to Port-au-Prince I accompanied Mr. Turnbull on some pastoral visits. He also called with me on some friends to whom he wished to introduce the representative of the American Bible Society. The children of the families visited would come and stand demurely near the door waiting till the preliminary salutations and remarks were over in order to be introduced to the pastor and the stranger. Then marching forward with smiling faces, the whites of their eyes sparkling, they would place their hands confidingly in ours, and at the same time present the cheek to be kissed. Noticing that the nearly grown girls of the family did the same thing, I said to Mr. Turnbull: "How do you know when to stop kissing the girls?" He replied: "When they stop presenting their cheeks on being introduced." A stranger can sometimes avoid noticing the children, or having noticed them, make some genial remark about or to them without offering to shake hands. But he is likely to appear somewhat awkward in so doing. One goes through the ordeal with as good grace as possible, thankful that they do not obey the Scriptural injunction and "offer the other cheek also." However, I must say I prefer the Haitian custom of kissing on the cheek to that followed by many Americans of kissing, and allowing children to be kissed, on the lips.

But to return to our trip across the mountains: We arrived at Deslandes, the home of Mr. Desir, just before nightfall. Mr. Desir's house was the best in the hamlet, neatly whitewashed, having the yard and floors of the rooms of the house paved with cobblestones. Upon hearing of my arrival so many people came from the neighboring houses to see me that Mr. Desir asked if I would not address them. My French was lame, I knew very little *Patois,* and tried to refuse. Mr. Desir insisted that they had understood me in the morning. But the case was quite different now. I then had Mr. Lherisson to fall back upon for words and expressions that I lacked. However, they were so anxious to have a service that I consented.

Some hymn-books were forthcoming and two or three of those present were able to sing. After the hymn I read a passage of Scripture commenting on it as best I could. Realizing that the unlettered natives did not understand much French, I used such words of the dialect as I had learned on previous visits to the Island and those which I had noticed Mr. Lherisson using in his conversation and sermons. They seemed to understand the gist of what I was trying to give them, and after the closing prayer, went to their homes.

Mr. Desir sat up with me until late, telling of his conversion, and how the missionary work was progressing. While we were talking we could hear, in the mountains, the drum beats of the

"*papalois*" calling the people to their midnight orgies. I retired at last realizing that this was the real Haiti. Haiti is not represented by the few in the cities that have received a European education; nor by the officials strutting about in their gold braid.—There is a Haitian saying that in heaven the white man will want beer; the mulatto, women; but that the negro will be made happy with plenty of gold braid. The true Haiti is found in these mountains, among those simple-minded, honest, industrious folk. They are as industrious as they can afford to be; for, what is the use of working hard to raise a large crop, only to have it stolen by a military officer?

One good resulting from the independence of Haiti was the division of the land into small holdings. Unfortunately, however, the owners of those small plots became practically slaves of the military chiefs, much as they had been of their French masters. True, the military chief cannot sell them; but he can take them by force into the army, and demand the best of their crops and animals; or, take a daughter from her parents, in case he desires to make her his mistress.

Living in constant fear of the emissaries of the government, and terrorized by their belief in the power of the sorcerer's magic, many are coming to realize that true liberty is to be found only in the Gospel of Jesus Christ. Everywhere they will flock by the hundreds to hear the preaching of

the Gospel. It has been my privilege to journey from Jacmel on the south, through Port-au-Prince to Cape Haiti on the north; and everywhere I have been, crowds have come to listen whenever preaching has been announced. Our colporters, also, have found many people in all parts of the Republic ready to buy the Book. I had hardly expected many sales of books in the country places; yet in almost every community there is someone, at least, who can read. People who are unable to read, buy the book and take it home, saying that they will get a neighbor to read it to them. Others who have children will buy so that when the children learn to read they can read the Book to them.

Perhaps the most gratifying thing about Bible campaigning in Haiti was the stumbling upon little groups of Christians scattered throughout the mountains, among whom were no Bibles; or, if they possessed any, these were worn and tattered by constant handling. The ability to supply these isolated Christians with the Bible which they had been desiring so long was one of the constant joys of the work in these picturesque mountains.

Awakened by Mr. Desir before daylight, I found that hot coffee and eggs had been prepared for my breakfast. A mule was ready, and also, a boy to accompany me to the town of Leogane where I was to take the train for Port-au-Prince.

I shall not soon forget my first trip to Leogane, during my second visit to Haiti. Having heard of

the work in Jacmel, I had decided to visit that town on this trip and was accompanied by Mr. Leon Hyson, who was working for the Society at this time. We hired horses in Port-au-Prince and started for Jacmel taking the road through Leogane. It was market day in Port-au-Prince; and large numbers of women were encountered on the road, going to trade at the market. We had taken with us five hundred Gospels of Luke, twenty Testaments, and twelve Bibles, thinking we would have an abundance for the trip across the peninsula. We began offering our books for sale shortly after leaving the Capital. The eagerness with which they were bought was a surprise to me. There were so many opportunities to sell and so many of the people took up our time showing the books, that instead of arriving at noon, it was nightfall when we reached Leogane. On counting up, we found we had sold all of our Bibles and Testaments and a little more than one hundred Gospels. We sent a man back to Port-au-Prince for more books and by the time he returned we had sold all our remaining Gospels. Mr. Turnbull sent us by this man another five hundred Gospels, one hundred and fifty Testaments, and twenty more Bibles. We remained three days in Leogane and sold every book. Having no books left for the journey to Jacmel, we returned to Port-au-Prince.

Travelling in Haiti one needs to be careful of the source of his drinking water. On one of my early

trips out from Port-au-Prince with one of our workers, we passed a small stream of swiftly running water, in which as far up and down as we could see, women were doing the laundry of the city. The colporter stopped and drank from the stream. Although very thirsty, I waited until we had passed some distance further on; when, seeing a house which bore every evidence of the prosperity of its occupants, I thought it would probably be safe to ask for a drink and did so. The lady of the house brought one of those porous, long-necked jars that keep the water so cool because of the evaporation. The water looked so clear and tasted so good that I asked for another glass and after drinking asked where she got such excellent water. She pointed back to the stream we had just passed, and from which I had refused to drink, saying: "From the river back there." That settled the matter for me. I decided to drink no more water in Haiti if I could help it. There was a splendid substitute to be had from the cocoanut overhead. The young cocoanut shell, when the meat has just begun to form, is filled with a refreshing liquid, slightly sweet and agreeable to the taste. These cocoanuts could be had in any quantity for about one cent each in American money. For this price the natives would climb the tree, cut down the nut, and cutting off the top with a machete, make a hole so that it could be drunk from the shell. In this and subsequent trips, the first thing I would do on

arriving at a new town would be to purchase some cocoanuts, thereby assuring my water supply.

The Protestant work in Leogane is being conducted by Mr. Ledoux Paraison, a native Episcopal pastor. I found the congregation struggling along trying to build their own church. The members were making contributions of material, labor and money. Little by little, on my visits to the place, I saw the church go up, until the walls were ready for the putting on of the roof. I understand that money has since been contributed from America for the completion of the building. The efforts they were putting forth to help themselves surely justified this action on the part of the friends in America.

When I first visited Leogane there were many believers who did not have Bibles, though they had been taught to read through the efforts of Mr. Paraison and his fellow workers. The congregation took our coming as a God-send. For years they had not had sufficient Bibles. Visiting the Island about a year after this first trip by myself and Mr. Hyson, I went over to Leogane again to see Mr. Paraison. When I appeared at the door of the house his mother recognized me and running, threw her arms around my neck and kissed me. This enthusiastic and affectionate reception was greatly appreciated as it showed that I had found my way into the hearts of the people of Haiti as representative of the American Bible Society.

A Hindu proverb runs: *"Chiragh ke niche andhera."* ("Under the candle there is darkness.") This has come to my mind over and over again in thinking of Haiti. We equip and send out missionaries to Africa, India, China, and completely overlook this little piece of Africa with its million and a half of inhabitants right at our very doors. Haiti has been left very much to herself to work out her own salvation during the last hundred years of missionary effort. The little contact she has had with white people has not, on the whole, been helpful.

The trade of the Island has been largely in the hands of German merchants. In these stores the native clerks are taught to cheat their own people. Not only were the poor women who brought in coffee for sale cheated in weight, but the cloth, sugar and flour they took back to the mountains were short in measure and weight. Is it any wonder that in trying to get even, the Haitians mix pebbles in the coffee to increase the weight and that it must all be picked over before it is fit for the European market?

These foreign merchants were at the bottom of many of the revolutions. During a revolution the government needed gold in order to purchase war supplies and Haitian currency immediately depreciated in value. When the uprising was successfully suppressed, the merchants would sell the native currency back to the government at an enor-

mous profit. If the revolt should become a successful revolution, the merchants who had lent the money to help start it would have a "pull" with the new government, which amply repaid the risk taken. In this way, whichever party gained the ascendency, the merchant was the winner. It was a "heads-I-win-tails-you-lose" proposition. The export duty on coffee, from which the Haitian government derived the greater part of its income, was in a great measure avoided by bribing the officials. There were exceptions, but many of the foreign merchants were there to make money regardless of any law of either God or man.

Protestant missionaries first came to Haiti at the request of an enlightened president. The government has always received and treated the foreign missionaries well; but the few missions that have been established in response to the president's appeal have always been short-handed. We have not treated Haiti fairly. In all my travels, I have never visited any field where a little money would do more towards the extension of the Kingdom. We are still overlooking a great opportunity and shirking a great responsibility.

Our own government has but recently come to the help of Haiti politically. The landing of the United States marines in Port-au-Prince put a stop to a perfect orgy of murder and bloodshed. The Church ought not to have waited till now; but surely there is no longer any excuse for not enter-

ing this door so wide open to Christian opportunity and calling so loudly to our sympathies. Lying right at our very doors, Haiti has a claim upon us that few other nations have. Among her first needs are schools and medical attention.

Haiti has a local Bible and Tract Society at Port-au-Prince entirely under native officers. The president, Monsieur Jackson, is a local preacher of the Wesleyan Methodist Church. For many years this Society has imported from France Christian calendars, hymn-books and Bibles. They have not capital to carry on an aggressive work but they always have on hand a small stock of Bibles, as well as helpful Christian literature in French. In spite of its lack of means and its ability to send out books only to such as pay cash, this Society has been a beacon light in the dark night through which Haiti has been passing.

Rome has done something for the education of such as were able to pay, establishing a few schools. Religiously she has done little for Haiti. Instead of lifting him, she has come down to the level of the negro. One Christmas day in the old cathedral at Port-au-Prince, I listened to an eloquent sermon by a French priest in which he claimed for Romanism all that is good in our present civilization. On the wall at my right was a picture of the Virgin, a buxom negress, holding in her lap an infant Christ, as black as herself. Rome has thus adapted herself to the negro. On the other hand, the witch

doctors have adopted the Cross and claim that their magic will have no effect unless they regularly attend high mass.

Memories of visits to the hospitals of Haiti remain with one like waking nightmares. No matter how sick nor with what disease, the natives of Port-au-Prince are sent to the hospital to be fed on red beans and die. I have seen patients lying on the decaying floor in the municipal hospital in that city with sheets and mattresses the color of the dirty boards of the floor. All over the patients were running a lot of half-grown, half-starved chickens. If water had ever been brought into contact with the floor, clothing, or the bodies of the patients, they had long ago lost all trace of it.

During one of these visits, after such words of comfort as we were able to give, we said to one patient: "Now can we do anything for you?" "Oh!" said the almost dying man addressed, "If you could give me something with which to buy some food, I would be so grateful. We get nothing here but red beans. It does seem as though I could not endure them much longer." The caretaker informed us afterwards that the state of their funds enabled them to purchase nothing but beans and that the doctors had ceased coming regularly, since the municipality had been unable to pay their bills. There are no doctors for the country people of Haiti. They depend entirely upon the herbs and charms given to them by the sorcerers.

At Jacmel I visited a so-called hospital, a tumble-down shack just outside the cemetery where a number of poor victims were rotting to death, suffering from the most horrible diseases. They were gathered together here under a caretaker in order that they might be brought to the attention of charitable people attending funerals or visiting the graves of the dead who might be persuaded to give a few pennies to help to further a little their existence. Hospitals and free dispensaries are a most crying need of Haiti to-day.

The attitude of the Haitian government has always been more or less favorable to Protestant missions. It helps with the support of school work and gives a pittance towards the support of native pastors. Though there is a concordat with Rome, recognizing Catholicism as the State Church and the salaries of the French priests and nuns are paid by the government, the Haitians have dreaded the political influence of Rome and encouraged Protestantism, partly as a sort of an offset to it. Whatever the reason, the fact remains that the door to Protestant missions in Haiti has always been open, though the American Church has never seen it. There have been and still are small groups of Christians throughout the Island praying God to send the help from America that never comes.

IX

SANTO DOMINGO

THE Dominican Republic is the official designation of the eastern two-thirds of the Island of Haiti and Santo Domingo. Although occupying two-thirds of the Island the population is estimated as but one-third that of the neighboring Republic. The official language of Haiti is French, that of the people a French *Patois*. But the official language of the Dominican Republic, as well as that of the people, is Spanish.

Neither the Spaniards nor the English carried their dialectical differences to the colonies. These variations are such in the home lands of each that they amount almost to different languages. The outsider travelling from one county of England to another, or from one province of Spain to another, understands with difficulty the language of the common people. This is not the case, however, either with English or Spanish speaking America. Throughout the New World the language is quite uniform. The slight local differences consist in the use of different words and not in grammatical construction. In Spanish America, perhaps the most noticeable local differences occur in the use of dif-

ferent words to represent the same thing, the names of some indigenous products retaining the local Indian names. In Porto Rico the turkey is known by its Spanish name "*pavo*"; in Cuba he goes by the name of "*guanajo*"; in Mexico, "*guajalote*"; and in Central America, "*chompipe.*" The sweet potato is "*batata*" in Porto Rico; "*boniato*" in Cuba, and "*camote*" in Mexico. There are also slight local differences in pronunciation due to the slurring or dropping of the "d" and "s" in certain words; but they are nothing like the dialectical variations of the home land.

The capital of the Dominican Republic, called Santo Domingo, is the oldest European settlement in America, having been founded by Bartholomew Colombus in 1496, four years after the discovery of America by his brother. This City was for many years the starting point or base from which the early Spanish adventurers left on their voyages of exploration, discovery and conquest. Santo Domingo was the first country in America from which gold was sent to Spain; and the first in which the aborigines were exterminated by European cruelty. It was also one of the first, if not the first, into which negro slavery was introduced, at the suggestion of the devoted priest, Las Casas, in an attempt to save the rapidly perishing Indians from complete annihilation.

The greater discoveries on the mainland led to the neglecting of the exploitation of this island

territory which has remained undeveloped. There are still primeval forests containing much mahogany and, in the centre of the Island, a belt of long leaf pine.

Haiti has been called the Black Republic because of the purely negro character of its inhabitants. Many of the natives of the Dominican Republic, however, are of pure Spanish blood and pride themselves in being descendants of the early Spanish explorers.

The soil of this republic is extremely fertile and the climate such that much of it is adapted to settlement by the white man. The interior is high and cool. One of its mountain peaks towers ten thousand feet above sea level, making it the highest elevation in the West Indies.

I first visited the Island in 1910, arriving just after it had been swept by a West Indian hurricane. We landed at Puerto Plata, the northern port of call for the Clyde Line boats. I had intended visiting the interior and going by land to the Capital, thus crossing the Island from north to south. I found, however, that the recent rains had put the railroad out of commission and rendered the trails of the interior almost impassable. Hence I remained but a few days, completing the journey to the Capital by water.

Like many other ports of the West Indies, Puerto Plata has no wharves. The sea being very rough we came to anchor farther out than usual

and the passengers were taken ashore in small boats that came out from the port for the purpose. We had much difficulty in making the transfer from the ocean-going vessel to the small boat, because of the rolling of the ship and the roughness of the water. It required all the skill and strength of the boatmen to approach the rolling ship and, at the same time, keep the edge of the boat from being caught under the gangway. This operation is not without danger to both passengers and baggage. Once when we were leaving the port of Aux Cayes, Haiti, the gangway caught the gunwale of the boat of a man who had come out to sell oranges, breaking and upsetting the boat and scattering the fruit. Fortunately the man caught the gangway and was carried an involuntary passenger to the next port, there being no other boat near to take him ashore. The baggage was first disposed of, being piled in the centre of the rowboats. Then as the rolling of the swell brought the ship's gangway and the boat near enough together, the passengers would jump from one to the other before the boat separated from the ship. This operation was repeated until all had been transferred. The trip to shore was very uncomfortable. Nearly all were sick and the women both frightened and sick. One seasick mulatto woman clung to me all the way, asking me to save her, if the boat upset.

In Puerto Plata I met the Rev. Mr. Mears and wife, representative of the Wesleyan Methodist

Church of England. Mrs. Mears is a trained nurse and has been called upon repeatedly to lend her services to the wounded in time of revolution.

Learning that, owing to the heavy rains, the railroad was not in operation, and that it would be inadvisable to attempt the trip overland on horseback, I wired Rev. W. W. Williams that I was in Puerto Plata and would be leaving by the next boat. Mr. Williams, who was working as colporter in the interior town of Santiago de los Caballeros, set out immediately on foot and reached Puerto Plata in time for us to be able to discuss the situation quite thoroughly before my boat left for the other side of the Island.

The more one associates with Latin Americans, from whatever country, the more one deprecates the too common American supercilious attitude of superiority towards those of other countries. The spirit that invites and uses depreciatives as "Chink," for Chinaman; "Dago," for Italian; "Froggie" for Frenchman; "Nigger" for a person of African blood; "Greaser" for Mexican, and "Spigity" for other Spanish Americans, is bound, not only to interfere with our usefulness and good-fellowship, but to create for us an unenviable isolation on account of the hard feeling engendered. The attitude is as unreasonable as it is unkind and unchristian.

Some of their customs may seem strange to us. West Indians will carry an umbrella at night to

protect them from the dew and the rays of the moon. They will almost hermetically close every chink and cranny of their sleeping apartment to keep out the dreaded night air. Foolish as it now seems, these fears had a reasonable origin. Malaria and yellow fever were deadly, fearful, and unseen enemies that struck at night. It is but recently that science has discovered that the carrier of these diseases is the mosquito which also gets in its work only at night. Shutting out the moonlight, the dew and the air would also shut out the mosquito and ward off the dreaded fever, although it would induce the slower tuberculosis.

On the other hand we must acknowledge some of their customs as superior to our own. At Christmas tide the children of our Spanish-speaking West Indian neighbors do not hang up their stockings to be filled by a grotesque, jolly-bellied Christmas elf. No such unmeaning heathenish myth has been taught them. They celebrate the coming of the Wise Men, January the sixth. This is called the "Day of the Kings." On the eve of this day, the children pull grass which they put outside of their doors at night in a shoe-box, basket, or other receptacle. This is food for the camels of the Wise Men who come in the night, take up the fodder that has been gathered for their faithful beasts, and pass on; leaving a reward for the thoughtful children. This custom surely has the merit of being picturesque, having a basis in historic fact and

carrying the deeper significance that the gifts intended for the Christ reach their destination in the hands of " these little ones."

The Dominicans are very courteous, gentlemanly and, perhaps, easier of approach from an evangelical point of view than the other Spanish-speaking people of the West Indies. There is not the atheism among them that one finds in Cuba. Colporters report that the Dominicans never scoff at the virgin birth, and the other miracles recorded in the New Testament, as the Cubans are frequently disposed to do. On my last trip through the West Indies I did not go ashore at Santo Domingo though our boat made the call. A couple of colporters were working in the Capital at the time and I wished to get in touch with them. For this purpose I made myself known to the pilot, port doctor, and customs officials, while they were waiting for the rowboat to take them ashore after their visit of inspection. Each of these men had seen our workers, who were making a house-to-house canvass of the City; but had paid no attention to the kind of books they were selling. When I explained to them they became much interested. All three purchased from me a Spanish Bible of good quality and I was pleased to note that they spent the remainder of the time, waiting for their boat, in reading and examining the Bibles they had purchased.

The inhabitants of the Dominican Republic have always received Bible workers in a very kindly

manner. After a house-to-house canvass of the coast towns in 1909, Mr. Williams reported finding Bibles in less than five per cent. of the houses. He sold on this visit two thousand and four hundred books, and was most courteously treated by the authorities and people. In 1910, Mr. Cole spent two weeks in the Capital when on his way from Cuba to Porto Rico, selling two hundred books during the first seven days. In 1911, we were able to send Mr. Cole again, in company with two Porto Rican colporters, to the Dominican Republic. They visited all of the coast towns, as well as some of the towns in the interior, selling over five thousand copies. Nearly all who could read purchased a book. Mr. Williams, revisiting the Republic in 1913, reported finding Bibles in over ninety per cent. of the houses in the towns on the coast.

The development of both Haiti and the Dominican Republic must be very rapid in the immediate future because of the world need of the commodities which their soil can be made to produce in such abundance. Mr. Cole thought the people of Santo Domingo more like Americans than any other Latin people he had met. The American Government is already there trying to help the country financially. The American Church has recently undertaken an enterprise in the West Indies that may mark an epoch in the annals of foreign missions. Several denominations having mission work in the neighboring island of Porto Rico have

decided on the joint occupation of Santo Domingo. This union of forces will enable the religious bodies coöperating to undertake the work on a scale impossible to any one of them working singly. Evangelistic, educational, and medical work can be carried on in a manner adequate to the need and present opportunity. Rev. P. W. Drury, for many years a missionary in Porto Rico, has been chosen to lead the enterprise. This united effort has been made possible by the churches concerned getting together under the auspices of the Committee on Cooperation in Latin America and organizing the Board of Christian Work in Santo Domingo. This Republic is indeed fortunate in having been selected as the field for such a significant forward step.

X

PORTO RICO

IN June, 1910, the Foreign Agencies Committee of the American Bible Society requested me to visit Porto Rico, study the field, and report on the advisability of directing the work of Bible distribution in all the islands of the West Indies as one agency. I was also to make suggestions as to the point most suitable for headquarters of such an agency.

Leaving New York on the steamship *Caracas,* of the Red "D" Line, I was fortunate in having as fellow passenger the Rev. J. A. McAllister, of the Presbyterian Mission in Mayaguez, Porto Rico. We had a pleasant voyage, and I learned much from Mr. McAllister regarding conditions in the Island.

The days passed in Porto Rico were very busy ones. I visited the three cities, San Juan, Mayaguez and Ponce, besides some smaller places. The time was spent in calling on the missionaries, visiting the churches, talking with business men, commercial travellers, and others, getting all the information possible that would be likely to help in forming an opinion regarding the best way to con-

duct the work of Bible distribution throughout the West Indies.

I soon found, strange as it may seem from a glance at our maps, that New York was the only point from which the work in the whole of the West Indies could be conducted efficiently and economically. The little inter-island communication was irregular and unsatisfactory. There was, however, regular communication between all of the islands and New York City. People travelling from one island to another were, as frequently as not, obliged to make the trip by way of New York. I discovered, as I told my friends, that Manhattan and Long Island were the most central of the West India Islands.

It was very encouraging to see the progress that missions had made in Porto Rico. In the city of Ponce I visited, one Sunday morning, the Sunday schools of the Methodist, Baptist, United Brethren, and Christian Churches and saw six hundred scholars taking as much interest in the lesson and in the affairs of the Sunday school as children in the home land would do. This large attendance was a revelation of the hold the mission workers had secured upon the hearts of the people of Porto Rico.

In Ponce, I was the guest of Rev. and Mrs. D. P. Barrett, missionaries of the American Christian Convention. Wishing to see for myself the way in which the people received the Bible, I went out

with the colporter, who was working there, and spent a short time with him in his house-to-house work in the city. After this, Mr. Barrett kindly lending his horse and buggy for the purpose, we spent some time in the suburbs and surrounding country.

We found the people so favorably disposed and so easily persuaded to buy the Bible that I conceived the idea of making a house-to-house canvass of the whole Island in the shortest time possible, thereby giving everybody who could read an opportunity to secure the Book of Books. Hence, I wrote Dr. John Fox suggesting that, although New York City was the logical centre from which to direct the work in the West Indies, I be allowed to make my headquarters in San Juan, Porto Rico, until the Island had been thoroughly covered by our colporters, in order that I might personally supervise the work. This suggestion was favorably received by the Board of Managers. After a trip to Cuba, calling en route at Jacmel and Port-au-Prince, Haiti, I returned to New York to meet my family. They had been spending the summer with Mrs. Jordan's parents, Mr. and Mrs. T. D. Merrill, of Martinville, Quebec. We reached Porto Rico on the first of October, 1910.

Porto Rico (the Rich Port) should have been named Porto Pobre (the Poverty Stricken Port), was the impression the Island first produced upon

me. I had seen it after having visited the larger and much richer islands of Cuba and Santo Domingo. In these islands I had seen fields of sugar-cane, with stalks ten or twelve feet long, that kept on producing year after year without any fertilizer whatever, and without replowing oftener than once in ten or more years. Beside these fields the cane in Porto Rico had a dwarfed appearance. Moreover, the planters told me that they were obliged to replow the land every three years; and that fertilizer must be used in order to secure a paying crop. The people of the laboring class were barefooted and anæmic looking. They lived in houses that were shacks compared with the substantially built huts of Cuba and Haiti.

I have already described the Cuban country village house with its earth floor. The Haitian, also, builds on the ground. That is, the floor of the hut is either of solidly packed earth or cobblestone. The walls of the hut in Haiti are composed of a kind of matting or basket-work, neatly and closely woven. This basket-work is plastered over with mud and then whitewashed. The house is roofed with the thick thatch of grass and presents quite a neat and substantial appearance. These houses are also very comfortable during the middle of the day when the thick thatch keeps out the heat of the perpendicular rays of the sun.

The ramshackle, tumble-down, dilapidated, dry-goods-box dwellings of the poorer people in Porto

Rico looked more as if they had been put up for temporary chicken coops than for the use of human beings. The material of which the house is made may consist of broken soap boxes, canned goods boxes, palm leaves, grass, reeds, pieces of tins in which the oil companies ship their product to the Island; or all of these may combine in sheltering the occupants from view of the passer-by, each material covering a portion of the shelter, which is worthy neither of the name of house nor hut. Instead of the gratefully cool thatch, the roof consists of corrugated iron or some other material that transmits the heat of the sun directly to the interior. A notable difference in the construction of the houses of Cuba and Haiti and the shacks of Porto Rico is that while the former are built solidly on the ground, the floor of the Porto Rican dwelling is of poles or boards and raised two or three feet above the ground, frequently suspended from the posts on which the roof is supported.

The furnishings of these homes of our poorer fellow-citizens in Porto Rico is of the most meagre description. There are seldom beds. Some possess a hammock or two, but the most of the occupants sleep on the floor. Sometimes, two or even three persons will sleep in one small hammock. Frequently there is neither table nor chair, a soap box or rude bench supplying the place of both. Their food is of the simplest. As in the Dominican Republic and Cuba, plantains supply the prin-

PORTO RICAN HOME IN SUBURBS OF PONCE.
PORTO RICAN HOMES IN CAYEY, P. R.

cipal part of the starch in the diet. Black coffee is taken to remove the feeling of fatigue; and tobacco stills the pangs of hunger.

Neither the Spanish Government nor the Roman Hierarchy had done anything for the uplift of the laboring classes in Porto Rico. The anæmic condition of the people was due, not only to malnutrition, but to the hook-worm, which flourished and was propagated by unsanitary conditions. Previous to the coming of the Americans, the Porto Rican laboring class had received no instruction whatever in sanitation. Homes in the country, villages and small towns were without toilets or cesspools.

Fortunately the Porto Rican is an apt pupil, and conditions began to improve much more rapidly than was to be expected, when so many of the reforms ran counter to long-established prejudices. I always found the common people kindly disposed towards Uncle Sam and grateful for what he had done for them.

On my first visit to Ponce I overheard some laboring men on the railway platform discussing a case in court where a laborer had received justice in a suit against a rich man, who had tried to defraud him. "That is the United States," said one of them with some pride. "In Spanish times the poor man had no chance." The group were unanimous in this opinion. Some of them recited cases in which the Spanish courts had decided unjustly

in favor of the wealthy and influential as against the poor man.

Waiting beside the road with the auto while a colporter went to call at a distant house, I accosted a man that was passing in company with a little boy. The man could not read, but he purchased a book for the boy. I asked which he preferred, the United States government or that of Spain. "There is no comparison," he replied. "I never learned to read; and if we had remained under Spain my children would never have had an opportunity to learn; but now, they can all read, and the oldest is ready for high school."

During our house-to-house canvass of Porto Rico at a country gathering, an old man of the waiting group began to talk of the changes in the village since the American occupation. When he began to speak of the unhygienic conditions before the municipality had enforced the building of privies, a young lady, shaking him by the arm, said, "For God's sake, Father, keep still; haven't you any shame? Those days have passed; let us forget them." "I was just trying to show you some of the things that we owe to the Americans," he replied.

America has brought justice to the poor man and opened the door of opportunity to all. Science is eradicating the hook-worm, creating a public opinion in favor of clean living, and making the Island healthy. There still remains, however, the prob-

lem of bettering the economic condition and of creating in the heart of the laborer a self-respect, that shall demand a better housing for himself than is a shack that would make an American farmer blush to own as a pig-pen.

Again, I should like to have Mrs. Jordan write about her memories of the housekeeping problems of Porto Rico. However, as the Bible depository was in our home in San Juan I became somewhat more familiar with them than I might otherwise have done. We found living less expensive and rents cheaper in San Juan than in Havana. American foodstuffs were obtainable at slightly more than the prices of the same articles in the States. There was such a large American colony that the sense of isolation was not so great. Schools were good; and in other ways, conditions were more like those at home. We secured a house in Santurce, a suburb of San Juan, in a neighborhood called the "Condado," where we lived for nearly three years. Low and swampy, formerly, the section has been filled in and is becoming a very desirable residential quarter. It receives the ocean breezes, and is always pleasantly cool. Our relations with our landlord, Mr. Louis Purcell, were of the most pleasant nature.

For a time the servant problem was what made life interesting. Here we had our first experience with the English-speaking West Indian negro. When I asked an old negress who came to sell fruit

if she was a Porto Rican, she threw her head back and proudly answered, "I am an Englishwoman." I never should have suspected it from her color. It appeared that she was born in one of the neighboring English islands and was a British subject; therefore, "an Englishwoman,"—not bad logic! This woman was anxious to find a position for another English African, just over from the Island of St. Kitts. Since we needed a servant at once we took her on trial. One day was sufficient. The girl was from twelve, noon, to four, P. M., washing the lunch dishes for three persons. I think she was the most deliberate piece of humanity we had ever seen.

The next applicant was a tall, large-boned woman from St. Thomas. She began by telling how active she was, scratching her head at the same time. It seemed she had learned that the other girl was too slow; for she laid stress on her own activity. "Ma'am," she said, "I's jest obliged to be a-movin' all the time. I can't keep still a minute, Ma'am." We did not doubt her statement, for there were few, if any, parts of her outside anatomy to which she did not pay particular attention with her industrious finger-nails while talking. Then came a tall, well-formed moderately spoken woman from St. Croix. She was employed and did better than we expected, making efforts to learn and becoming quite attached to Mrs. Jordan and the baby.

One of the pests of the American tropics is the jigger flea, or *"ñigua,"* as it is called in Spanish. The insect burrows into the skin under a toe-nail, or in a crease in the foot, and begins to lay its eggs in an expanding sack, which develops to the size of a pea, soon becoming uncomfortable and painful. When discovered they should, of course, be removed at once. Some persons become quite expert in removing them without breaking the sack or drawing any blood in the operation, thereby avoiding the danger of infection. During my first absence from the Island Mrs. Jordan discovered a *"ñigua"* under one of her toe-nails; and, never having seen or heard of them before, called the attention of Jane to it. The servant became all concerned at once; told her how to remove it; and at the same time warned her seriously, telling her that she must not bathe for a week, or she would surely die. The next morning, Mrs. Jordan, paying no heed to the warning of the day before, started for the bath.

"You surely aren't going to bathe," said the frightened servant.

"I surely am," replied Mrs. Jordan.

"Then tell me what doctor you wish me to call," promptly said the servant, "because you will need one."

The joke was on Mrs. Jordan this time; for the toe did become infected and she was obliged not only to call a doctor, but to sit for a week with her

foot in a chair, an object lesson in the servant's mind of the fearful danger incurred by bathing within a week after the removal of a jigger from the foot. Incidentally, I will add that we never had any more trouble from this source; as, learning the danger of infection, the spot from which the "*ñigua*" was extracted was always touched with iodine or some other disinfectant. Jane did not remain long. After we had tried several other applicants Gumersinda came to us.

Gumersinda was a native Porto Rican, very dark, and with Indian rather than negro features—thin lips, aquiline nose, and straight, black hair. From the first we could see that she was doing her best. She was slow to learn, but did make progress. She learned to cook many things as we liked them and to make bread; but never seemed to be able to learn how to make a cake. She was always good natured, never getting out of patience with the children. We had the feeling that Gumersinda could be depended upon to do what she thought was right; and we were never disappointed. With her mother and two sisters she used to attend the little mission hall, a few blocks away; but never made any profession of religion. After Mrs. Jordan's return from a visit to Canada, Gumersinda sent word that she could not come back. It was reported that she was married and we lost sight of her. Months after, I received a telephone message from Miss Jennie Ordway, superintendent of the

Presbyterian Mission Hospital, saying that they had a woman patient that could not live but who wished to be baptized. Rev. E. A. Odell, the Presbyterian missionary in San Juan, was away; would I come and baptize the woman. Knowing the form of baptism has been much abused by the Roman priests and that it has come to be looked upon as a saving ordinance by the people, I had my doubts as to whether I could baptize her or not; but told Miss Ordway that I would see the woman and have a talk with her. The sick woman gave such a clear testimony as to her belief in Christ and her dependence upon Him alone for her salvation, as well as to her desire to confess Him in baptism, that I was convinced her wish should be complied with. Miss Ordway brought water and I asked the woman her name before administering the ordinance.

"Gumersinda Alvarez," was the response.

So changed was she by the ravages of disease that I had not recognized her.

Gumersinda lingered for some weeks after her baptism. Realizing that there was no hope of recovery she asked to be sent to her mother's house. I visited her there several times. She was very happy and kept her little Spanish Bible at the head of her bed. Some friends used to come in and read it to her and to the relatives in the house, who listened with interest. It was indeed a source of great satisfaction to us, as it must be

to other Americans in whose homes Gumersinda had worked, to learn that she had found Christ.

How to keep a washerwoman was one of the problems of housekeeping in Porto Rico. At first we found that no matter how satisfactory an arrangement might be made with one, she could never be depended upon to return on Monday to begin the week's wash. Sometimes the whole week would go by and the woman would not come. Always having some, to her mind, perfectly good excuse. After a while Mrs. Jordan hit upon the happy expedient of keeping back on Saturday a part of the pay for the week's wash till the next Monday morning. The balance due to be paid when the woman returned according to promise. This worked like a charm. Even in case the woman borrowed money—as nearly all Porto Rican servants do, from time to time—the last fifty cents due on the week's wash was retained until Monday, and it was always called for and the wash begun at the same time. Clothes are not boiled but are well soaped and put out thus wet in the hot sun to whiten. If taken home by the women they are hung on barbed wire fences and thorny cactus hedges to dry. This fills the clothes with those small holes and tears so gratifying to the average housewife; since it gives the appearance of age to perfectly new sheets, dresses, etc. The laundress always takes the whole week, from

Monday till Saturday, to wash and iron for a family.

From our viewpoint the truth is held in slight regard by the average Latin American. One never knows whether a stranger intends keeping an appointment or not. This gives the feeling of treading on the sands of uncertainty. The excessive desire to please leads them to say the thing they think will give pleasure rather than to tell the truth; especially is this the case with the laboring class. There is a lack of moral courage to say the unpleasant thing.

"Oh! it is a relief," Mrs. Jordan once remarked when nearing New York, "to be getting back where people say what they mean and mean what they say."

Christianity, however, makes a man truthful in whatever part of the world it finds him. We have just as high regard for the word of some of our Spanish-American friends in the evangelical churches as for those of any other nationality and recognize in them men and women of integrity and noble purpose.

XI

PORTO RICO (*Concluded*)

THE systematic and coöperative manner in which the various Protestant churches undertaking work in Porto Rico have gone about their task, has meant much for the efficiency of the service rendered. While the two large cities of San Juan and Ponce are considered common ground and open to all, the rest of the Island is divided among the various Mission Boards; each assuming the responsibility of evangelizing its share of the field. There is not a corner of the field that is not occupied, and there are very few villages or hamlets that do not have a regular preaching service conducted by the workers of some denomination. There is little, or no, overlapping and the work is proceeding harmoniously. Besides churches, there are schools and orphanages and a Union Theological Seminary, where several students are studying under the direction of missionaries of their respective boards.

The hospitals have probably done more than any other one agency to remove prejudice and help the people of Porto Rico to see that Protestant missionaries are seeking their good. The Presbyte-

rian Hospital at San Juan is, by far, the best equipped institution of the kind in the Island. Its fame has reached the neighboring Islands of St. Thomas, St. Croix, and Santo Domingo; so that many who are able to do so send their sick from these places to San Juan for treatment by Dr. Hildreth, the missionary surgeon. Few are the missionaries who, if they are long in Porto Rico, are not, at one time or another, placed under obligation to this institution and its sympathetic officials. Our first boy, George-William, came to bless our home under its roof.

The Presbyterians have another hospital in Mayaguez; the Episcopalians, one in Ponce; and the Congregationalists have established one in Humacao under the direction of our old pupil and friend, Dr. Max Shurter, who is both an ordained minister of the Gospel and a graduated physician. While at all of these institutions a charge is made to those who are able to pay, there is a daily clinic at the dispensary where thousands of the poor are treated freely.

While we would not take away one of these uplifting and helpful institutions from Porto Rico, we could not help reverting in our minds to Haiti, for which American Christians are doing so little to mitigate the evils of heathen darkness, and wondering if the Master would not say: "This ought ye to have done and not to have left the other undone."

The American Bible Society was in Porto Rico as the servant of all of these churches and institutions, and had the welcome, support and coöperation of all. The Bible Society had done foundation work before any of the others arrived, sending in Bibles, even in Spanish times, through ships' officers, travellers and others, when it was dangerous for a Porto Rican to possess a copy of the Book. Now, however, the American Government had been there twelve years, with its schools, and we felt that the time had come to undertake Bible distribution on a scale hitherto not attempted, by a house-to-house canvass of the whole territory. The money required for this work was appropriated by the Board of Managers and the task accomplished within the next two years. Mr. Cole was brought over from Cuba to train the workers and conduct the campaign. The Porto Rican churches were requested to furnish, from their membership, the needed workers.

The response to our appeal for workers was prompt. Good men, earnest, spiritually minded men, came to us from the various churches, recommended by their pastors. Aquino Ojeda, from the Christian Alliance of Barceloneta, was the first to come, recommended by the much loved and devoted Don Villamil Ortiz, the converted priest. Next was Domingo Rodriguez, from the Methodist Church of Ponce. Paulino Dieppa came to us from the Baptists of Caguas. There were many

BISHOP BURT AND DAUGHTER WITH REV. MANUEL ANDUJAR CROSSING THE MOUNTAINS OF PORTO RICO IN BIBLE SOCIETY'S AUTO. AUTHOR IS AT THE WHEEL.

others who worked with us during the course of the two years, but these were the first and were with us the longest.

Nineteen hundred and eleven and 1912 were happy years. Happy because, having the money needed and the necessary workers, we were able to carry out our plan of a house-to-house canvass with the Bible of the whole Island of Porto Rico, securing results in Bible circulation far beyond our expectations. During the first year thirty-five thousand books were sold, the larger number being of a revised translation of the Four Gospels in Spanish. All of the towns were reached the first year. In 1912 a Ford automobile was purchased in order that we might be able to reach the people living near the more than one thousand miles of splendid roads that encircle and traverse the Island. I spent most of my time in the car when in Porto Rico that year, visiting the colporters, and the churches, keeping the workers supplied with books, working with them, etc. Occasionally the missionary superintendents living in San Juan would plan to go with me on their visits, paying their transportation, thereby reducing for the Bible Society the expense of the auto. In this way Rev. Manuel Andujar arranged for me to take him over the field occupied by the Methodist Episcopal Church in company with Bishop Burt and daughter at the time of their visit to Porto Rico. The Rev. A. B. Rudd, D. D., of the American Baptist Home Mis-

sionary Society, was a congenial companion on several such trips.

Mr. Cole, who had been with us all of 1911, left early in 1912 for his home in Kansas to complete his college course; but with the help of the auto and the assistance of Mr. Williams, I was able to supervise the work of the colporters that he had trained. How enthusiastically they worked! There was not a lazy streak in any of them. Some of the other kind applied, but we were able to weed them out quickly. At the suggestion of Dr. Thomson, of Mayaguez, who was intensely interested in the work, we engaged some of the students of the Presbyterian Theological Seminary in that city during the vacation period, and sent them out by twos over the west end of the Island. There was a friendly rivalry to see who could sell the most. They would tell with joy of selling to nearly every house on a street, and, on returning to their lodgings in the evening, of seeing many seated in the doorways reading the books purchased earlier in the day. This year we sold thirty thousand books, making over sixty-five thousand copies for the two years. Having accomplished the specific task for which I had asked to be sent to Porto Rico, I suggested that headquarters for the agency be changed to New York, in order that more attention might be paid to the neglected and more needy fields of Haiti and the Dominican Republic as well as to Cuba and the French Islands.

I like to linger in memory over the time spent in picturesque Porto Rico, because of the associations and life friendships formed among both the missionaries and Porto Rican pastors. There was not a discordant note to disturb the harmony of our relationships.

At the first conference of the United Brethren Churches that I attended, the representatives of the different congregations voted to take an offering simultaneously in all of the churches in their field for the work of the American Bible Society, and asked their Superintendent, the Rev. P. W. Drury, of Ponce, to set the date. Mr. Drury suggested to me that it would be a good idea to see if all of the other denominations working in the Island would not be willing to take the same step and thus have a Bible Sunday for Porto Rico. Upon presentation of the subject at the annual meetings of the other denominations, favorable action was taken and, finally, the third Sunday in November was chosen as Bible Sunday. It has since become a national institution as far as the Protestant churches of Porto Rico are concerned. The union periodical, *Puerto Rico Evangélico,* has a Bible Number, in which all of the articles treat of the Bible in some aspect of its importance in the Christian life, as well as of the importance of its circulation in the propagation of the Gospel. The representative of the American Bible Society sends out circular letters to all the pastors with such in-

formation as may be of help in preparing a discourse suited to the occasion.

The Bible Sunday idea was taken up in Cuba under the direction of Rev. S. A. Neblett and has since been continued. In 1918, the pastors of Mexico took up the idea with enthusiasm, and will no doubt fix upon a day satisfactory to all. The celebration of the day has been found of great help in the mission field in stimulating Bible study and in arousing an interest in the circulation of the Book. It also keeps the work of the American Bible Society before the people, and, incidentally, the money given not only helps the givers to feel a personal interest in the work of the Society, but it enables us to accomplish more, for it is spent in circulating Bibles in the country in which it is collected.

Many were the incidents of interest in connection with this work of Bible distribution. It was a good stroke of publicity for the work of Protestant Missions. Early in 1912, while travelling as a second-class passenger to New York, I had twelve young Porto Ricans as fellow-passengers, not one of whom was a member of an evangelical church. When I told them who I was, I found that they all knew of the work of the American Bible Society, from having met the workers in their home town or village, though each was from a different part of the Island.

When starting on my return trip to Porto Rico,

while the boat was still tied to the dock at Brooklyn, I saw a prosperous looking old gentleman, who was leaving with us, bidding farewell to a young man who had come to see him off. The old man, after embracing the younger one, took out of his pocket and gave to him one of our small pocket Spanish Bibles, at the same time addressing him a few words of exhortation to which the young man listened seriously. Thinking that the old gentleman must be a member of some evangelical church, I made it a point to get into conversation with him on the first day out. I was surprised to learn that he did not belong to any church. He lived in Vega Alta, Porto Rico, and was returning from a short visit to his son in the States. He had attended the services of the Presbyterian Mission in his home town, believed what was taught there and believed the Bible to be the Word of God. Before going to New York he had purchased a copy with the express purpose of giving it to his son. When presenting it to him on bidding him farewell, he had exhorted him to read it every day and to do his best to follow its teachings. "If you will do so," he said, "your father has the assurance that you will never go wrong." Later I visited the father at his home in Porto Rico. On my second visit he told me with joy of a letter that he had just received from his son telling of his membership in a large Bible class in a Sunday school in one of our Western cities.

When working in Ponce Mr. Cole sold a copy of the Four Gospels to a gentleman of some education. The man knew something of printing and of the cost of books. On examining the book after Mr. Cole had left, he saw that no money could possibly have been made by selling such a book for the price that he had paid for it. "If it was not for the money that there was in it," he asked himself, "why was this young American so insistent on making a sale?" After giving the matter some thought he decided that it must have been the American's religion that made him so zealous in the distribution of the books. He became curious to learn something of a religion that made its followers so enthusiastic and solicitous over the welfare of others. He began attending the Protestant services, and was converted. The Scriptures are now so generally circulated in Porto Rico that it is quite common to meet converts who trace their first interest to a casual reading of a New Testament or Gospel.

Porto Rico may be expected in the near future to supply missionaries for some of the other Latin-American countries. During the campaign in this Island we were able to send Mr. Cole, in company with two Porto Rican colporters, Aquino Ojeda and Lorenzo Martinez, to the Dominican Republic, where in a short time they sold five thousand copies in house-to-house work. Their visit was a source of help and cheer to the few evangelical Chris-

tians whom they met; but it was a still greater help and inspiration to them personally. It was also a source of inspiration to the churches of Porto Rico, when these colporters returned telling of the way God had blessed them in their missionary enterprise. The Porto Rican is not a great traveller; and for these humble workers to start for the Dominican Republic was more of an undertaking than it would be for some of us to start for the Antipodes.

The greatest need in the work of evangelization of Porto Rico to-day, as in the case of Cuba, is Christian literature. Enough emphasis has not been laid upon the importance of creating and circulating Christian literature in the Spanish language. The Committee of Coöperation in Latin America has done much in helping the different denominations to get together for a united effort in this line. A bi-monthly paper, *Puerto Rico Evangélico,* is published in Ponce and is the organ of most of the different mission organizations in the Island. The paper ought to be enlarged and illustrated and made into a weekly family paper for the home. More money should be put into the work of pushing religious and other uplifting literature. Such books should be distributed by sale rather than by gift, but sold at a price that would place them within the reach of all. Missionary colporters should be kept constantly at the work of creating a desire to possess and read such books.

XII

THE FRENCH ISLANDS

BEGINNING with the Island of St. Thomas, directly to the east of Porto Rico, and stretching in the form of a segment of a circle from Porto Rico to the Island of Trinidad, is the belt of islands called the Lesser Antilles; thrown up, as it were, to form a boundary between the Caribbean Sea and the Atlantic Ocean. The first group consists of the Virgin Islands which the United States has recently acquired by purchase from Denmark. Of the remainder the greater part are British, and English speaking, though the population is almost entirely black.

The two largest of these Islands, namely Guadeloupe and Martinique, together with a very few small islands lying near Guadeloupe, are French. The population of these islands also is largely black. They are, however, a part of the French Republic, and send a deputy and two senators each to the French Chamber in Paris, to look after their interests. The American Bible Society does not attempt to do any Bible circulation in the British Islands, leaving the work there entirely to the care of the British and Foreign Bible Society of Lon-

don, England. Our efforts are confined exclusively to the Spanish and French-speaking West Indies.

There is no Protestant mission work in the French Islands; and from the reception that had been given Bible Society colporters in their former visits, the people were thought to be very fanatical. The last man attempting to sell Bibles on the streets of Basseterre, the Capital of Guadeloupe, had been stoned and driven from the city. On one of my visits to Cape Haiti the Rev. Mr. Tanner, of the Seventh Day Adventists' Mission there, told me that he had received two requests for French Bibles from the Island of Guadeloupe. One came from a school teacher, and the other from a lawyer. These requests came through a party living in the English island of Dominique, who said there was no place in Guadeloupe where a Bible could be purchased. Learning that the separation of Church and State in France had taken effect in the colonies also, it seemed to me that the time was propitious for a representative of the American Bible Society to visit these islands.

The French Trans-Atlantic Line had a small boat, the *Abd-el-Kadr*, that made a monthly itinerary from the Island of Martinique to Santiago de Cuba, calling at Guadeloupe, St. Thomas, Porto Rico, the Dominican Republic and Haiti, taking to these Islands articles of French manufacture, gathering up on the way the products of the tropics to

take back to Martinique, where they were transferred to the larger vessels of the same line returning to France. Taking this boat in May, 1911, our first stop was at St. Thomas for coal. Here I went ashore and was the guest for the night of Mr. and Mrs. Wallacker. The day following we proceeded on our journey. The trip was a delightful one. On the boat I became acquainted with Mr. Eberhardt, United States Consul at Large, who was visiting the Consulates of Latin America.

This trip had more of adventure in it than any other that I had ever taken in the interests of Bible distribution. I knew no one living in the Island where I was going, neither was I known there, nor did I have any letters of introduction. I was taking with me as baggage several cases containing eleven hundred copies of Scriptures and was going to attempt to sell them in a city from which the last Bible seller had been driven with stones and other missiles thrown by the negro population incited by Romish priests.

It was after dark on Saturday night when we came to anchor off Basseterre, the Capital of Guadeloupe. Mr. Florandin, the American Vice-Consul, came off in a small boat to meet his chief, whom he was expecting. On my introduction to him by Mr. Eberhardt, he offered to take me also ashore, together with my baggage, in his own boat. I was thus spared the usual bargaining and

bantering with the vociferating black boatmen as to who should secure the landing fee and how much it should be. Mr. Florandin very kindly saw us comfortably settled in the best rooms of the only hotel before leaving us for the night.

Sunday was a beautiful day and was spent wandering about, admiring the natural beauties of the city and its surroundings. Basseterre is built in a depression at the foot of a slightly active volcano, la Souffrière, which looms up so threateningly in the background as to make a stranger wonder why the spot should ever have been chosen as the site for a city. The cleanliness of the streets presented a striking contrast with the filth of those of Port-au-Prince, Haiti. Copious and never failing rapid streams from the sides of the towering mountain are diverted through the well-paved streets in pipes and open gutters, so that at no time is one out of hearing of the music of running water. The streets are all well paved with cobblestones, and are sloped towards the centre, so that down the middle of many of them runs a tiny brook of sparkling mountain water. The streets were all as clean as a well-swept floor and malodors were conspicuous by their absence.

The city, which has seven or eight thousand inhabitants, had a bright, cheery, prosperous appearance. The display of bright colors in the variegated dresses of the women with their long flowing skirts, the superabundance of the folds of which

are either gathered up and tucked in at the waist or thrown over the arm; and the many-hued bandanna turbans, enhances the impression of cheer and prosperity.

In Port-au-Prince, Haiti, the burdens are carried by the donkey; and the picturesque little animal trudging along under loads out of all proportion to its size, and on the top of which is perched the unfeeling driver, excites the sympathy of the visitor. In Basseterre it is the gaudily dressed, quaintly turbaned ladies of African origin, who, with springy step and smiling face, bring in the produce of the surrounding country, piled in huge baskets on their heads. Nor does one see the male element of the community in any way objecting to this assumption of the burden by their better halves.

The love of finery on the part of the inhabitants of Guadeloupe is indicated also in their little homes, the walls of which are decorated with highly colored chromos, pictures of the Virgin and the Saints, and those horrid representations of the Christ showing an exposed, bleeding heart and depicting an agony in the features that would be unworthy a man dying in a noble cause, but utterly inconceivable in the Christ the Son of God. The church doors being open, I entered and saw a scattered few kneeling before the images of the Virgin and muttering their "Ave Marias."

Altogether the impressions of Basseterre ac-

quired during that Sunday of rest and waiting were favorable. It seemed to have the natural advantages destined to make it a veritable Paradise. The abundance of water combined with the heat of the Tropics produced a luxuriant vegetation, a maze of vines, flowering trees and shrubs. The people also appeared to be genial, light-hearted and accessible. I was glad for the Sabbath's rest and anxious to begin the work of the morrow.

Business begins early in Basseterre. The Custom House was open at six A. M. My books were admitted free of duty and I succeeded in getting them to the hotel without any delay. Taking with me an assortment of fifty Gospels and a few Testaments, I started for the market-place; after paying a fee of a few cents for the privilege of selling, and securing a receipt, I began to offer my books.

As soon as they learned what I was selling, the people crowded around me, to the extent that I was obliged to stand on a large stone, in order to be a little above them and to be able to serve them better. In a few minutes the books were all sold and many were the disappointed faces of those who were reaching out their hands with the money, in their eagerness to secure a copy of the Gospel. Twice, during the morning, was I obliged to return to my room for a new supply, and by noon had disposed of three hundred Gospels, by sale, in the market-place. I spent the afternoon in visiting the stores of the principal street, meeting with

but two refusals to buy, each on the ground that anything pertaining to religion was a woman's affair and not worthy the attention of men.

In Haiti, the most common objection to purchasing a book is inability to read. This objection is very rare in the French Islands. I think that the only persons who objected, in Guadeloupe, on the ground of being unable to read were Hindus, of whom there are some twelve thousand of the poorer class in the Island. The few of these Hindus that I saw in the vicinity of Basseterre were very unhappy, disconsolate looking specimens of humanity, and lacked altogether the vivacity and sprightliness of the negro population. They were brought over from the French possessions in India, under the contract system to work on the plantations, and were disappointed at not being sent home at the end of five years; as they claimed the contract provided they should be.

Towards the close of the day's work, as I was about to return to the hotel, tired, but pleased with the unexpected success, I saw a poorly dressed but cleanly looking man coming towards me leading two little children. He asked me very animatedly if I was selling Bibles; if I believed in Jesus, and in conversion. He then told me that he had been converted some ten years previously, through the labors of an independent worker, who had visited the Island, and had preached to little groups that gathered to listen in the homes of those who were

willing to receive him. The man who had accosted me was a government employee. He had heard during the day from his fellow employees in the office that I was in the city selling Bibles, and as soon as his work was over for the day, had set out to find me. He told me that he had never possessed a Bible. He had only a New Testament and this was so old and worn that it would hardly hold together. His greatest desire was to own a whole Bible printed in large type and having references.

I accompanied the man to his home and there met his wife and eight children. I had prayers with them that evening, both husband and wife taking part, as they said was their custom. The following day it was my privilege to present him with a large type, French, family, reference Bible. Both parents and children were made very happy by the gift. As far as I could learn, this was the only family in all Guadeloupe that met for family worship using God's Word and really praying instead of counting beads, mumbling Ave Marias, and presenting themselves before some image or picture.

The next day I took passage on a small mail steamer running twice a week from Basseterre, the Capital, to Pointe-a-Pitre, the business centre of the Island. Guadeloupe is really made up of two islands. The narrow arm of the sea that separates them, however, is only from one hundred to four hundred feet across and is called the Salt River.

This river is bridged and the two islands are generally spoken of as one. I had taken with me the rest of my books and was going to Pointe-a-Pitre, not because I had finished the work in Basseterre; but because I wanted to see as much of the Island as possible, and become familiar with prevailing conditions. There were about a dozen first-class passengers, including Mr. Eberhardt, the American Consul at Large, the vice-consul, Mr. Florandin, Mr. Moore of the British Cable Company, a priest and several nuns.

I had not thought of attempting to sell any books on the boat, and was sitting conversing with Mr. Eberhardt and Mr. Moore; when a girl came up from the lower deck, hesitatingly approached, and holding out a Gospel of Luke, asked me if I was the gentleman who had sold it. I acknowledged having done so, thinking perhaps she wished to return the book and receive her money back, as superstitious people sometimes do when their religious leaders tell them that the Bible is a pernicious book, which will bring evil to the household if they retain it. But no, she wanted to know if she could secure another. I opened my valise and sold her one. Then several of the first-class passengers, seeing what I had, bought Bibles and Testaments, without waiting for me to offer them. The girl returned two or three times to buy Gospels. Finally I thought I had better go down myself among the deck passengers. Very soon all of

the books that I had in my hand-bag were disposed of.

As there were more who wanted books, I went to the man in charge of the cargo and prevailed upon him to open the hold and let me get at my baggage. The hatchway was covered with the baggage of the deck passengers; but they gladly removed it that the hatch might be opened to let me bring up more Bibles. I brought up half a dozen Testaments and some more Bibles which were sold at once. The lunch gong then sounded and I went to eat. No sooner had I taken my seat at the table than a member of the crew came to ask if I could not get another Bible. No, he could not wait till we reached Pointe-a-Pitre, nor until lunch was over; as it was wanted by a passenger who was getting off the boat at the next stop. So down I went into the hold again for more Bibles and Testaments, leaving the food untouched.

What occupation could have been more delightful and what work more satisfactory than the putting of the Bible into the hands of those whose hearts were hungry for its message? It was a joy to see the passengers, at every stop, as they left for the shore in the small boats, holding up a Bible or a Testament or both, in their hands, out of reach of the splashing of the water. Throughout the day, until we reached Pointe-a-Pitre, persons could be constantly seen reading the books they had just secured.

Six o'clock the next morning found me in the market-place at Pointe-a-Pitre. Finding that I was too early, I made my way back to a wharf where I had seen some small boats unloading charcoal and other produce. Here I sold sixty books before going to breakfast at seven. After breakfast I went again to the market-place where the reception accorded the books was the same as in the market at Basseterre. People crowded around me to buy and by ten o'clock I had sold the remaining six hundred Gospels together with some Bibles and Testaments.

At this market a well-dressed woman of apparently more than ordinary intelligence asked if I had the whole Bible. I showed her one, but the print was too small to suit her. She wanted the largest and best to be had. I told her I had a large one at the hotel. She waited till I had sold out my Gospels, and went with me to the hotel where she purchased a large family Bible in French; and went away seemingly much pleased with the acquisition. I could not help wondering who she might be. Had I missed the opportunity of getting acquainted with another family of believers in Guadeloupe?

A gentleman present volunteered the information that the woman was a professional sorceress, and probably wanted the Bible to use in her divinations. He also asked if I would have sold it to her if I had known her to be a sorceress. I replied

that I would have done so; for she could read well; and, although the book was not purchased with the right motive, the message might reach her heart. One of the most successful native evangelists in Haiti was converted by means of a Bible given him by a "*mamalois*" (sorceress) after she had retained it among her possessions for twenty years. The Bible contains the Word of God. Without it the people perish. With it, under the blessing of the Holy Spirit, fruit is brought forth, at times, from the most unlikely places. If the book is read, the Holy Spirit may be trusted to do the work.

That afternoon I visited the stores and readily sold all of the remaining books; so that by night, Wednesday, having begun in Basseterre on Monday morning, every one of the eleven hundred books had been disposed of, and no opposition whatever encountered. On Thursday I returned to Basseterre to await the return from Martinique of the same boat on which I had come.

XIII

THE FRENCH ISLANDS (*Concluded*)

I HAD planned remaining until the return of the boat the following month; but three days' work had accomplished more in the way of Bible distribution than I had hoped to be able to accomplish in a month. It would be three days more before the boat was due on its return trip and I decided to give myself the pleasure of a mountain climb, by making the ascent of la Souffrière, which towered so threateningly above the little island Capital.

The first stage of the trip from Basseterre to the top of the volcano is by a stage-coach drawn by mules, over a well macadamized road, to a small village where one must pass the night, in order to get an early morning start. I had been told that there was no hotel; but that I could secure a room and meals at the convent. Arriving at the village towards evening, I knocked at the door of an unpretentious looking building which was said to be the convent and asked the servant who appeared if I could see the Mother Superior. Soon a French woman, well past middle age, came to welcome me, attired in the garb of her order.

To her I said rather hesitatingly, as it seemed a strange question to ask a Roman nun:

"I have been told that you put up travellers?"

"Yes," she replied. "We must do something for a living now that the Government no longer supports us."

She herself showed me my room, and said that she hoped I would be comfortable and told me the hour of supper. Shortly after the nun left, an old French priest came in and introducing himself as Père Duss, inquired where I was from. On learning that I came originally from the Province of Quebec he said:

"Then you are a Catholic?"

"Not in your acceptance of the term," I replied.

"Oh, that is all right. I believe that a good Protestant can be saved."

Then he said that he had come in, thinking that I might like to take a walk around the village. He informed me that he was the author of a work on the botany of Martinique and Guadeloupe, and that he knew every plant in the vicinity. Father Duss was a most interesting man. We not only took this walk together, but several others during the days that I was waiting for my boat. He was just bubbling over with most interesting information regarding the plant life of the region. In few parts of the world is there to be found a greater abundance and variety of vegetation than on the sides of la Souffrière. Orchids abound. The limbs

of the great trees are loaded with epiphytes in almost endless variety. Long rope-like lianas reached from the limbs of the tallest trees to the ground. Every plant seemed to be an open book to Father Duss. I could listen to him by the hour as he told the most interesting peculiarities of each.

After supper I made arrangements with the guide to call for me at four o'clock in the morning, in order that we might reach the top before the view should be obscured by the gathering clouds that at this time of the year hang over the mountain during the latter part of the day.

The way up the mountain was over a trail, which led for the first part of the way beneath gigantic forest trees holding aloft their load of epiphytes, to receive the moisture of the higher air. As we proceeded in the ascent the trees became shorter and of a more scrubby nature, until the large trees gave way entirely to shrubs, grass and low lying plants bearing many flowers peculiar to the altitude. Here we found raspberries, dewberries and a species of strawberry; the first that I had seen growing in the Tropics. Just before leaving the tree line we passed a stream of hot water issuing from the side of the mountain and rushing rapidly on its way down the slope, depositing sulphur and other mineral contents on the rocks as it passed.

A little later we reached a point where the overhanging rocks of the outer edge of the crater were

almost perpendicularly above and seemed likely, at any moment, to let go and fall, crushing us. We passed several places where such rocks had become loosened and dashed down the mountainside. My feelings at the time were somewhat like those which I used to imagine Bunyan's Christian to have felt when standing under the overhanging rocks of Sinai. The last stretch was accomplished by using all fours, hanging on to the bunches of grass and roots and digging in to the crevices of the rocks as we pulled our way almost perpendicularly up between two of the great boulders that appeared on the point of letting themselves go down the slopes beneath.

The top reached, we found ourselves on a comparatively level broken table of rock of considerable extent where paths led between high boulders and apparently bottomless chasms. But alas for our hopes of getting a view of Guadeloupe and the surrounding islands, from this vantage point. Clouds already obscured the sky and everything below. There was a drizzling rain with a high wind, that made our short stay anything but pleasant.

At several places there were fissures in the rocks from which strong jets of gas and steam were issuing with a noise like that of steam escaping from the safety valve of an enormous engine. Around one of these openings some previous visitors had piled a little heap of rocks, upon which

surphur was being deposited by the escaping gases in the form of flowers of sulphur. Taking a piece of rock I broke off from the edges of the fissure a few pieces of sulphur, and collected a little of the floury powder to bring away as a souvenir. The inhabitants of Basseterre feel that as long as these safety valves, that we could see and hear discharging their gases from the different places in the summit, remain open there is no danger of another eruption. There is a feeling, however, that if these should become stopped up, Basseterre had better look out.

The guide then took me to see the largest of the craters, an abyss whose perpendicular sides extended beyond the reach of vision, loosing themselves in unfathomable darkness. The crater of la Souffrière is not bowl-shaped like that of most volcanoes. Its sides are perpendicular to the very top.

After waiting a short time in the vain hope that the clouds might disappear, so that we could get a glimpse of the country below, we began the descent.

The return was comparatively easy, and in a short time we were at a spot called "*Les Baines*" ("the baths"). Here a hot stream coming out of the side of the mountain was retained by a cement dam forming a pool with baths of varying temperature. Soaked and tired as we were, the guide and myself plunged into the gratefully warm

water. It was wonderfully refreshing, and after a half hour or so spent in the water the sense of weariness and fatigue from the climb had completely disappeared, and we returned to the convent feeling almost as fresh as when we had left in the morning. I was late for dinner; but the sisters had ordered the food kept warm for me. After I had dined, Father Duss came to take me for another walk.

Mr. Duss had been, for forty-five years, a priest in Guadeloupe ministering to the Blacks in the ways prescribed by his Church. He struck me as being unhappy and lonesome because of lack of intellectual and spiritual companionship. He also had a feeling that he had not been treated rightly in the matter of his book, the result of a life study of the plant life of his field. I could not fail to sympathize with the good old gentleman, who was not well and had come to the village on the mountainside to see if he could not get the malaria which was troubling him out of his system. On our last walk together, he invited me to step into the little church with him to "salute the good God," as he expressed it. We entered and I waited while he devoutly went through his adoration of the image of the infant Christ.

Before leaving, I told Father Duss of the mission that had brought me to the Island.

"You can never sell Bibles here," he said; and he seemed much astonished to learn of my success.

He then plead with me to change my occupation, saying:

"You are too good a man to be engaged in such a work. The circulation of the Bible, especially in the very corrupt and apocopated form in which it is held by the Protestants, can do nothing but harm."

He claimed that Christ had delegated to the Pope and the Bishops the right to interpret the Word; that it was dangerous, exceedingly dangerous, for individuals to attempt to read and follow its teachings, except under the guidance of the Holy Roman Catholic Church. He had a very exaggerated idea of the denominational divisions of Protestantism which he declared were the result of the pernicious doctrine of the right of private interpretation. Our discussion did not last long and was of the most friendly character. We could not proceed far together, however, as I could not accept the authority of the doctrines of Rome; nor he, the teachings of the Bible, except as explained by the Roman commentators. Even then he claimed not to have sufficient wisdom to understand its message. Said he: "God has given His Holy Spirit to the Pope and the Bishops so that they may understand and teach us. It is not for us to attempt to understand it." Of course, neither of us was convinced, though I am sure each gave the other plenty of food for thought. My heart went out to the old priest whose religion was one

of good works and who seemed to be missing the joys of service.

After my return to San Juan we were able to send a French-speaking colporter from Porto Rico to make a more extended visit to Guadeloupe. He also visited the Island of Martinique. His efforts were attended with even greater success than mine had been. Seven thousand five hundred Scriptures were sold in the two islands during the year.

There are certain similarities between the work in the French Islands and that in Haiti. The *Patois* spoken in both is much the same. I found that a few of the stock phrases I had used in selling books in the latter were equally useful in Guadeloupe. In both places the bulk of the population is negro; but the negroes of the French Islands have been in constant contact with the white man and education is so general that nearly all are able to read. In both, the negro is very superstitious; but the superstition of the French Islands does not carry with it the gross bestiality of that of Haiti. The sorcerer, or *Papa-Diable* of Guadeloupe is a very different person from the witch doctor of Haiti. The sorcerer of the French Islands impresses one as a knavish trickster while the *Papalois* of Haiti is a malevolent criminal. On the other hand, the French Islands have no such Protestant community working for the uplift of their fellows as has Haiti. Hitherto these islands with their nearly half million souls, the majority

of whom can read, have been untouched by the efforts of any Missionary Board.

The report of my success and of the cordial reception of the Scriptures in the Island of Guadeloupe was received with much interest by the churches in Porto Rico. Shortly after my return I spoke in the Congregational Church in Fajardo, Porto Rico, of the work in Guadeloupe, and of our need of a French-speaking colporter for these islands. About a year later, a young Swiss mechanic, who had heard me in Fajardo, offered himself for service. We sent him to Guadeloupe. Everywhere he went he was told of a young man who had preceded him giving away tracts and preaching to small groups in private houses. At last the two met and finding that they were kindred spirits continued together in the work.

A copy of the "Bible Record" containing an account of my visit to Guadeloupe fell into the hands of Mr. Paul Loiseaux, of Loiseaux Brothers, the New York publishers. Mr. Loiseaux is an earnest Christian man of French origin. He was so impressed that something ought to be done at once to take the Gospel to the French West Indies that he was seriously considering taking a trip to them himself, though he was well advanced in years. This, his friends strenuously opposed, thinking it would not be wise for a man of his age to undertake such a journey. Meanwhile, hearing

of a very enthusiastic young French convert in Canada, Mr. Loiseaux sent him a copy of this "Record." The young man was Mr. Louis Germain.

Mr. Germain felt at once that the knowledge of the open door and of the need was a call to him to enter the one and help supply the other. He started immediately for New York to consult with Mr. Loiseaux and, soon after, took passage for Guadeloupe, taking with him a quantity of tracts and other Gospel literature. Mr. Germain went as an independent worker under the direction of no Mission Board but supported by a few friends of French origin who were interested in his work.

It was interesting to note the leadings of the Spirit of God in this matter. He had used a representative of the American Bible Society to call a native of Switzerland from Porto Rico and a native of France from Canada to enter Guadeloupe and help supply the spiritual need. These men met, became of one mind, and devoted their whole time to the circulation of the Bible and Christian literature in Guadeloupe and Martinique.

Some time after the outbreak of the war in 1914, clerical influence caused these two workers to be expelled from the Islands on the trumped-up charge of being German sympathizers or spies. Mr. Germain being physically unfit could not enter the French army and Mr. Ruga being French Swiss was from the first sympathetic with the

cause of the Allies. Owing to the troublous times, it seemed best for the time not to attempt to continue the work after the expulsion of Messrs. Germain and Ruga; nor to trouble the French Government to look into the matter of their unjust treatment. Nearly twenty thousand copies of the Scriptures had been sold during the four years of Bible Society activity there. A petition was sent to the American Bible Society at this time signed by more than fifty residents of Guadeloupe appealing through the Society to the various Mission Boards of America to establish a Protestant mission in the Island. Although the matter was put before the Foreign Mission Boards at the time none have, as yet, been able to respond and Martinique and Guadeloupe are still without a Protestant missionary. Now that the war is over we have no longer any reasonable excuse for not responding to this appeal for help.

XIV

OBSERVATIONS

CONSIDERING the extent of territory in the Western Hemisphere over which Spanish is spoken, we ought to be a bilingual people. At any rate, more of our young people, and older ones for that matter, might with profit take up the study of Spanish. As Spanish is spoken over a greater extent of territory in this hemisphere than is English, a knowledge of Spanish more than doubles the possible field of opportunity and usefulness.

If our high school and college graduates, and teachers who have been taking Latin, would only begin to read Spanish, they would be surprised to find how quickly they would come to understand it. Then instead of losing their Latin, as most do, they would with a minimum of effort transfer, as it were, their knowledge of Latin to the living and useful language.

To those who have not had Latin in their school courses let me say that Spanish is, perhaps, the most easy of the modern languages for the beginner. It is phonetic and when once the sounds of its twenty-six letters have been mastered, to-

gether with a few simple rules of accent, progress is assured. The real difficulties of the Spanish language come later. Spanish might be called an emotional language. It has an emphatic arrangement of words in the sentence. To put it roughly, the most important word is placed first, the word of second importance last, and the other words and modifying groups anywhere in between these, arranged according to their relative importance. As with English, the niceties of the language are only mastered by constant companionship with the best people and best books. A mastery of this emphatic arrangement is not necessary to an understanding of the language or an appreciation of it; nor to speak it in a way to make one's self understood. Having mastered the simple pronunciation and accent one can begin at once to use all that he learns. Later, gradually, as a result of association with the people and reading their literature, he will find himself thinking in Spanish in the Spanish way.

It is worth while to take pains to get started right in Spanish pronunciation. Some of the letters are pronounced near enough like the English equivalents for many people to take it for granted that they are the same; hence they always retain a distinctly foreign pronunciation, which is undesirable and decidedly unnecessary. The "t" and "d" are pronounced by touching the tongue lightly to the ends of the teeth. The "b" is less

explosive than ours and the "v" is formed with the lips instead of with the lower lip and upper teeth as in English. Finally, but not least in importance, the vowels always have the same length, like the duration of a note in music. They may be stressed by accent, but they are not lengthened, and, above all, not shortened at the end of the word; for instance, in the word "Gracias" ("thanks") the last "a" should be pronounced as fully as the first, though the first receives the accent.

This is not a treatise on Spanish Grammar but if I can drop a word here that will help some prospective student to take pains in laying the foundations, it will be worth while. Where we foreigners sin, perhaps, most frequently and most grievously in pronunciation of Spanish is in the shortening and slurring of the final syllables. Frequently one hears a foreigner, who has become thoroughly conversant with the language and actually fluent in it as far as readiness of vocabulary is concerned, spoil an otherwise good discourse by the defects of which I have just spoken, when the correct habit could have been so easily acquired in the beginning.

It is unfortunate that the West India Islands are not better known to the outside world. There seems to be a prevailing opinion that they are oppressively hot and unhealthy and that navigation among them is very dangerous. This impression

is entirely wrong. When I was leaving New York one July for Haiti, a friend remarked, "So you are going off down into that terrible heat again." "I am going to the West Indies to get cool," I replied. The fact is, the heat is at no time as oppressive in any of the West India Islands as are the hot summer days in some of our northern cities. Lying as they do in the path of the trade winds there is always a breeze stirring; and, although it may be hot in the sun, it is comparatively cool in the shade. In the months when the trade winds are not blowing or in situations where they are not felt, the only uncomfortably warm periods of the day are in the morning while the wind is changing from a land to a sea breeze and in the evening while the process is being reversed. During the day, the land becoming heated by the rays of the sun sends up rising currents of air, and the place of the rising air is supplied by the cool air rushing in from the sea. During the night the movement of the air is towards the sea; hence there is a constant circulation that prevents a condition of sultriness so common in our land during a hot wave.

In Porto Rico and the Lesser Antilles the breezes are cool and refreshing; but cannot be called invigorating. There is very little seasonal change of temperature. The difference in the registering of the thermometer from midday to midnight of any day being greater than the difference between the winter and summer temperatures.

With Cuba, however, this is not the case. Cuba is a little more to the north and near enough to the Continent to be effected by its changes. Here the winter nights are at times quite cool, though never reaching the point where frost is formed. This gives the climate of Cuba a more invigorating quality than has that of the other islands. The greater part of Eastern Cuba consists of a table-land high enough above sea level to have an invigorating atmosphere.

In Haiti some of the coast towns are hot at certain periods of the day. This Island has the advantage, however, of being so mountainous that, at a slight expense, an altitude can be reached far enough above sea level to give the desired change, when needed.

Yellow fever has not been epidemic in the West Indies since the Americans cleaned up Havana; and Havana is still kept clean. The authorities, keeping up a constant fight against the mosquito, have succeeded in maintaining the health of the city. Malaria is not very common and can generally be avoided by avoiding exposure at night to the bites of mosquitos.

Fleas and jiggers are a petty annoyance in certain localities; but proper vigilance secures a certain immunity even from these. The evenness of the temperature and the absence of sudden changes make the climate of the West Indies especially favorable for children and aged persons. After

our return with our children from Porto Rico to Brooklyn, we had more illness in the way of colds, tonsilitis, etc., in one year than we had had during the five years in the West Indies.

In travelling one needs to be as careful as possible not to expose one's self to tracoma and conjunctivitis, although so little care is taken by others that any attempt at self-protection seems at times utterly useless. In the summer of 1910, I came into Santiago de Cuba on the French boat *Abd-el-Kadr*. There were nearly two hundred passengers on board, Syrians, whom the authorities in Porto Rico had refused to allow to land. "Tracoma," I heard the doctor say. Part of these passengers disembarked at Santo Domingo. At Port-au-Prince, those whose eyes appeared to be in the worst stage were transferred to the large trans-Atlantic boat of the same line, supposedly to be returned to Europe. I have no evidence that they were not landed at some other port, either of Haiti or the Dominican Republic. I know that they hoped to be. The rest were taken to Santiago de Cuba, where all were allowed to land.

Going to my hotel, I was especially careful, because of what I had seen on the trip. I first disinfected the wash basin with bicloride tablets and used my own towel and soap. Shortly after, the man who looked after the room came in. The wash basin was of a kind quite common in Cuba, placed in a stand having a tank at the back from

which the water is drawn for washing, and a pail underneath for catching the used water. The man took out the dirty water in the pail and then brought back a pail of supposedly clean water with which he filled the tank; afterwards he set the same pail under the basin to catch the used water again.

Unlike most tropical countries the greater part of the West Indies have no poisonous snakes. Beginning with Cuba none are to be found, I believe, till the Island of Martinique is reached. This Island is the home of the famous "fer-de-lance," one of the most venomous serpents to be found anywhere; but even in Martinique this reptile is reaching the point of extermination through the activities of the lively little mongoose, introduced from India.

I was interested in learning that the rats and quail of the Island of St. Thomas had changed their habits of life since the introduction of the mongoose. This animal made war on the rats that formerly burrowed in the ground. The rats now live in the tops of the cocoanut trees, as the mongoose cannot climb. The same is true, I was told, of the quail. The mongoose is very fond of the eggs of quail and other poultry. The quails of St. Thomas nest in the cocoanut trees out of reach of the mongoose.

In some places scorpions and tarantulas as well as centipedes are to be found; but one seldom hears of their biting or stinging anyone, and I have

never known of a case proving fatal or even serious.

There are may interesting forms of animal life not to be found in the north, the most notable and abundant of which are the many varieties of land lizards, harmless all, and some of them very pretty, having the power of changing their color to correspond with their surroundings. These lizards range in size from the little singing gecko, three or four inches long, to be found in the houses of Havana to the edible iguana, which grows to a length of three feet or more. The smaller kinds feed upon insects, while some of the larger seem to be entirely vegetarian in their habits. The iguana is specially fond of the young and tender leaves of the mangrove trees. The smaller lizards may be caught in the hands with impunity. After capture they seem to enjoy having their throats rubbed with the finger; though possibly they remain quiet from fear. My daughter, May, when paying us a visit in Porto Rico used to spend much time in the garden among the shrubbery coaxing the little fellows on to her hand after which she would bring them into the house to exhibit her conquests.

Cuba possesses a firefly that I have not seen elsewhere. It is a beetle with two comparatively large brilliant lights, one on each side of the thorax, the steady penetrating rays of which can be seen from quite a distance, shining brightly as a

diamond through the darkness of the night. Boys catch them, tie threads around them and pin them to their coat lapels; and young ladies for amusement sometimes put them in their hair, from which places they continue to send forth their penetrating rays.

In Porto Rico the nights are rendered noisy, if not musical, by the shrill whistle of a small frog called from its cry the "coqui." These little animals are peculiar in that the eggs do not hatch into tadpoles; but into tiny, active, sprightly frogs ready to get their own living as such from the day they come out of the egg. If they go through the tadpole stage it is within the skin of the egg before they are hatched. I was able to verify this fact myself, securing some eggs that had been deposited on a large damp leaf and were just in the process of hatching.

The West India Islands are near at hand, convenient to reach, have a healthy climate with no serious pests or drawbacks, and are interesting in a thousand ways. Our commerce is mutually convenient and necessary. They need our help. It is certainly incumbent upon us to make every effort to take to them the privileges which we ourselves enjoy.

Some time ago a series of articles appeared in one of our magazines professedly written by a man of means who had offered himself to the Church for service and who was disappointed to find that

he could not be used. I would like to suggest to such a person that he devote himself to helping supply Latin America with evangelical, as well as other, helpful and uplifting literature.

If the reader has enjoyed our tour through the West Indies as much as the writer, we shall both look forward with pleasurable anticipation to a longer trip that shall take us, not only farther afield but to other countries in Latin America, vaster in extent; more indigenous in their population; more complex in the problems presented; greater and more magnificent in their physical features; more prodigal in natural resources and with a much greater variety of interesting customs. All, however, are just as needy of our help, have much to give us in return, and are just as accessible, presenting even wider open doors of opportunity for Christian service than the beautiful islands we have just been considering. God willing, we shall meet again in our fascinating work of carrying the Bible to those other neighbors of ours.